THE

HISTORY

OF

Miſs INDIANA DANBY.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

DUBLIN:

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M,DCC,LXV.

HISTORY

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OF

Miſs INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XXIII.

To Miſs FREEMORE.

In anſwer to the 19th.

OH my beloved Clara! what is life but a ſcene of miſery and diſappointments! caſtles in the air indeed! my part of it, at leaſt, has proved ſo.—Beverly, alas! how changed!—No longer the ardent, the importuning lover! Our marriage, lately ſo much talked of, and preſſed for, is no more, either in his diſcourſe or thoughts. He even takes pains to avoid mentioning it; yet by a too viſibly affected tenderneſs he endeavours to blind Mrs. Beverly and me; her he may, but I have too much diſcernment. Love, tho' blind in ſome reſpects, is fatally quick-ſighted in theſe caſes.—What a

fall is mine from ſuch a proſpect of happineſs! but I muſt ſubmit. The dear Fanny need not now envy me, tho' ſhe has, I fear, ſtill a rival. —Do not imagine this a fit of jealouſy without foundation.—Wou'd it were. Alas! my dear, I have but too convincing proofs of his inconſtancy.—For ſome time paſt his behaviour to me has wore a viſible coolneſs, which I ſtrove to account for a thouſand ways, rather than ſuffer myſelf to gueſs the truth; in ſuch a caſe I almoſt wiſhed to be deceived, and dreaded to be awaked from my dream of happineſs. But the other day after breakfaſt, which had paſſed with a ſort of forced chearfulneſs on his part, he called his ſervant, and ordered him to have his horſes ready at twelve. "Where are you going?" ſaid Mrs. Beverly. "Only to the Races at N—," anſwered he careleſly.—"O! I proteſt I had "forgot them, ſaid ſhe, tho' I always intended "to take Indiana to the balls there; it will be a "little variety for her, and I know there is al- "ways genteel company.—I wonder you did "not mention it before, and propoſe the party." —He coloured a little. "I never thought of "it," ſaid he; "I really did not know that it "would be agreeable; it is rather too far, other- "wiſe the meeting is well enough, tho' nothing "extraordinary." "Nay," ſaid Mrs. Beverly, "I remember it a very polite aſſembly;—it is "ſtrange it ſhould alter in ſo ſhort a time." "Alter'd!" ſaid he in confuſion; "I don't know "that it is. I hardly remember what it is from "one

"one year to another;—but I would have you "go by all means, if Miſs Danby has no objec- "tion."—Miſs Danby!—very formal.—I ſaw but too viſibly he wiſhed not for our company; and to oblige him, declared my diſlike to the jaunt.—He catched eagerly at my refuſal; but recollecting himſelf, faintly preſſed me (taking my hand too forſooth, which, however, I with-drew with ſome ſcorn) to favour him with my company.—I deign'd not to take any notice of his requeſt—but turning to Mrs. Beverly, beg-ged ſhe would lay aſide the thoughts of a jour-ney which I feared would too much fatigue her; and for my part I was not fond of public aſſem-blies. She was poſitive, however, and inſiſted on the coach being got ready, which ſhe ſaid would carry us all: and ſhe ſuppoſed Mr. Be-verly would not be ſorry for the change, conſi-dering the company he would be favoured with. —He bowed.—But I could ſee diſappointment and chagrin painted on his countenance.—How mortifying to me was this proof of his indiffer-ence! I was forced to withdraw under pretence of preparing for my journey,—but in reality of giving vent to my tears.—I believe Mrs. Bever-ly was as little ſatisfied with his behaviour as I, or ſhe would not have been ſo preſſing for a jaunt that I ſeemed averſe to, as it could not be on her own account.

The maid had juſt dreſſed me, and put up what cloaths I wanted to take with me, when I

was informed Mrs. Beverly was waiting for me in the coach.—I hurried down to her; her ſon handed me in, and took his ſeat facing me, but hardly ever looked at me during a journey of ſeveral miles.—His converſation too was forced and inſipid.—How different from what it uſed to be in my company! he would have perſuaded us he was mightily delighted with the proſpect of the country as we paſſed along, and for that reaſon his head was almoſt conſtantly out at one of the coach windows. Conſcious, no doubt, of his falſhood he durſt not meet my eyes.—How dreadful was my ſituation!—'Tis impoſſible to give you an idea of what I then felt. My heart ſwelled almoſt to burſting, and my tears were painfully ſtruggling to force a paſſage, which I durſt not indulge them in.—How dreary did every thing now appear!—Can this, I aſked myſelf, be the ſame delightful country I ſo lately thought a paradiſe? Alas! what a ſad change! all is now diſmal and diſconſolate.

In this melancholy manner we finiſhed our journey, that I ſhould once have thought impoſſible to be diſagreeable in ſuch company;—yet now it was dreadfully ſo.—We had juſt time to dreſs ourſelves and take ſome refreſhment, before the hour of going to the rooms.—I took (but alas! my friend, to what purpoſe!) more than uſual pains in putting on my cloaths, which were purple and ſilver, and if the glaſs did not flatter, I looked tolerably well.—But a heart once loſt is never to be regained.—

When

When I went down to Mrs. Beverly and her ſon, the latter looked at me with ſome attention, but without any of that pleaſure that uſed to ſparkle in his eyes on the like occaſion.—Mrs. Beverly, who had loſt none of her kind partiality for me, ſmiling, ſaid ſhe was pleaſed to find my complexion had not ſuffered by the fatigue of our little journey. "You look very lovely, my "dear" added ſhe, "your dreſs is well fancied. "Harry may lay his account with having the "number of his rivals increaſed."—"I do", ſaid he, (but in a tone that ſpoke his indifference) "and will give them leave to admire,—but no "more."—He took my hand in ſpeaking theſe words, and led me to the coach.

I found the company more brilliant than I expected. We were ſoon ſurrounded by a crowd of ladies, who came to pay their compliments to Mrs. Beverly.—Her ſon took that opportunity to ſlip from us. I ſoon miſſed him, and my eyes almoſt involuntarily ſought to find him again. I ſucceeded. He was an object they were too much accuſtomed to, to eſcape their ſearch. I obſerved him talking to ſome ladies at the upper end of the room. My curioſity was excited.—I wiſhed to know if they were handſome, for the diſtance was too great to form an exact judgment of them, tho' they appeared tall and genteel.—After a few minutes abſence he returned to us.—"The counteſs of Derwentwater," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Mrs. Beverly, "deſires

" to be introduced to you.—Her daughters, two " very agreeable young ladies, are here.—I will " conduct them to you." Mrs. Beverly aſſented, and he flew to execute an office he ſeemed delighted with.—He led them to us. My heart fluttered at their approach.—The daughters are very handſome. The eldeſt in particular is a ſtriking figure.—

While the counteſs was talking to Mrs. Beverly, that young lady looked ſtedfaſtly at me, and whiſpered my late lover, whom ſhe ſeemed perfectly intimate with—He ſmiled at what ſhe ſaid —and I make no doubt at my expence.—I was not at all prepoſſeſſed in her favour. Her face, though handſome, has an air of forbidding haughtineſs, particularly when ſhe looked at me, that was greatly diſguſting.—To Beverly, indeed, it was all complacency and ſweetneſs.—The other ſiſter is more pleaſing in her manner. But to own the truth, I was not much delighted with either.

They ſtayed with us ſome time talking on indifferent ſubjects.—But for my part, I was almoſt ſilent.—My ſpirits were very low.—Every look and ſmile that paſſed between Mr. Beverly and her (and they were not ſparing of either) were like daggers to my heart.—It was a little relief to me when they took their leave; he in a moſt gallant manner, with air ſo gay, and looks ſo much at eaſe, conducted them to their former

ſeat,

ſeat, where he ſtood a few minutes by the eldeſt of the young ladies playing with her fan, and ſaying no doubt a thouſand ſoft things to her, to which I dare ſay ſhe liſtened with pleaſure.—For ah! my dear, he is but too lovely, and that night in particular he was more than uſually ſo.

His dreſs was inimitably well choſen, nor was there a figure in the room that could equal him. But what cruel uſe does he make of his charms, to kindle a flame in the breaſt of the unwary maid, and then to leave her to pine in ſecret with a hopeleſs, unregarded paſſion!—Am I too doom'd to this wretched fate!—Unhappy Indiana! But no more fruitleſs complaints.—Let me reſume my diſagreeable ſubject.

Mr. Beverly again honoured us with his company, a compliment his politeneſs compelled him to, when lady Caroline, for that is the name of his new favourite, was taken out to dance a minuet, which, to do her juſtice, ſhe performed very gracefully. When it was over, ſhe ſent for Mr. Beverly as her ſecond partner, every lady being to dance two. His eyes ſparkled at the ſummons, and he ſeemed to triumph in the diſtinction ſhe ſhewed him. When he had ſeated her, he came, with great reluctance, I doubt not, and took me out.

I would have refuſed the compliment, but that I did not wiſh to let him know I was piqued

at his indifference.—I danced with great negligence; yet I heard a murmur of applauſe from ſome of the company.—One of the gentlemen in particular cried out with an oath, that I was the fineſt creature he had ever ſeen.—No vanity this.—No, believe me, I am too much humbled.

I had a young nobleman for my next partner; he continued ſome time with me after our minuet was over: his converſation was agreeably entertaining. He gave me the characters of ſome of the company with a good deal of wit and ſpirit.—I aſked if he was acquainted with the counteſs of D—and her family.—"Intimately," anſwered he; "lady Caroline is, you ſee, a very "fine woman, but a moſt intolerable coquet; "a fault beauty is but too ſubject to. How "charming is it to meet with a lady, who, with "all the graces of her ſex, is perfectly free from "the leaſt tincture of that diſguſting character!" —He looked at me as he ſpoke, as much as to ſay —Thou art the woman.—But I did not appear to have any right to the compliment. "Yet, "my lord," ſaid I, "I make no doubt but lady "Caroline has a numerous train of admirers; "perhaps even that coquetry you condemn is by "ſome thought an attraction."—"It may be "ſo," anſwered he, "there are males and fe-"males of that light turn, and then it is no won-"der they admire their reſemblance in each o-"ther.—But men of ſenſe will deſpiſe ſuch unna-"tural affectation, as always diſtinguiſhes that "ſpecies

"ſpecies of fair ones. They are to me, I muſt "confeſs, the moſt ridiculous creatures in nature. "Every look, every motion is ſtudied; and all "with ſuch a viſible deſire of admiration, that "for my ſhare I make it a rule to refuſe it where "it ſeems ſo undoubtingly expected. They "take too little care to conceal the bait to angle "ſucceſsfully." Here his lordſhip was interrupted, by being deſired to dance a minuet with lady Juliet Derwentwater.—

Again Mr. Beverly deigned to pay us a viſit. —"What's the matter with my fair couſin?" ſaid he, looking at me, "you do not ſeem to be "well." "Not well!" cryed Mrs. Beverly haſtily; "upon my word, my dear, you do look "a little pale; I did not obſerve it before."— "It's a trifle," anſwered I, "only a little fatigu- "ed."—"Then you had better retire," ſaid Mr. Beverly, "and take ſomething to revive "you. I fear I ſhall loſe my partner.—I dare "hardly aſk you to dance."—He looked a little ſilly after he had made this fine ſpeech, and endeavoured to ſolve it, by adding, "Though as "you ſay your illneſs is but a trifle, you will not "perhaps be the worſe for it. I ſhould be ſorry "to be diſappointed of the pleaſure I promiſed "myſelf."—— I interrupted him. "O! as to "that," ſaid I, "there are ladies here who will "find it no difficulty to conſole you for my loſs." He bluſhed, and ſtammered out——"No, I aſ- "ſure you, I proteſt you wrong my tenderneſs.

"—What lady? I know of none that I ſhould "prefer—I mean that I ſhould think equal to "you."—"O without doubt," ſaid I, "I have "no cauſe to ſuſpect your conſtancy."

I looked ſtedfaſtly at him while I ſpoke.—He was confuſed, felt for his handkerchief, and, without lifting his eyes, faultered out, "Con-"ſtancy! no, to be ſure I hope not. Well then, "I may depend upon the honour of having you "for my partner.—I will return to you in an in-"ſtant."—"No, ſtay," ſaid I, (hardly able to ſuppreſs my tears) "till I have reſtored your li-"berty to you.—You muſt excuſe me, I cannot "poſſibly dance, ſo adviſe you to loſe no time in "engaging another partner."—He now thought, as I ſeemed ſo determined, he might ſafely preſs me to change my reſolution, aſſuring me it would do me no prejudice; he would anſwer for the conſequence: beſides, if I continued to refuſe him, I ſhould make him miſerable for the whole evening.—"Pray oblige me, deareſt Indiana" continued he, taking my hand with affected tenderneſs in his manner.—"No, ſir," ſaid I, with-drawing it a little diſdainfully, "I am determin-"ed. Let me not detain you longer, you have "my anſwer."

Mrs. Beverly now interpoſed. "What do "you mean, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "pray oblige "my ſon."—"I do, madam," ſaid I, "I am "ſure I do.—But let us talk no more of it; it "will

"will be better for me not to dance."—"Since "you are ſo reſolved," ſaid he, "I will preſs "you no farther; though you know not the pain "it coſts me to put up with this cruel refuſal." So ſaying, he bowed and left us.

A moment after he led forth his happy partner.—This ſight almoſt overcame me. It was well my illneſs was a pretence to have a recourſe to ſalts; by their aſſiſtance I a little recovered my ſpirits.—Mrs. Beverly was anxiouſly tender in her care, and would have perſuaded me to go home with her. But I excuſed myſelf, unable to leave a place that yet was fatal to my peace. —I believe that lady could but too well account for my indiſpoſition, and I doubt not felt for me.

The country dances were hardly begun, when lord L——, the nobleman I before mentioned, came up to me. "Is it poſſible," ſaid he with ſome ſurpriſe, "that I ſhould find you diſengag- "ed! This is fortunate indeed! if I may hope "for that honour. I thought it was in vain to "aſk you before, Mr. Beverly I imagined was "the happy man."—"No," ſaid I, "I had de- "termined not to dance, as I am not very well." —He expreſſed moſt tender regret for my illneſs; but inſinuated that a little exerciſe would not, he thought, increaſe it.—"Well, my lord," ſaid I, "if you can put up with a lazy partner, "and will indulge me in ſitting down when I "tire, I will with pleaſure join the ſet with "you."—

"you."—"Make your own terms," anſwered he, "it is ſufficient that I have the happineſs of "your company. I am indifferent whether for "dancing or ſitting; I only propoſed the former "as more agreeable, than bearing the noiſe and "duſt without being a partaker of the amuſe-"ment."

He took my hand.—Beverly was dancing; and we had hardly joined them, when he came to turn me.—He ſtarted back, ſurpriſed when he ſaw me. "Was this well done, Indiana?" whiſpered he.—He had time for no more,—nor did I deſire leiſure to return an anſwer.—His own heart would inform him why I acted in that manner.—

My preſence was a check upon him and his fair partner. As I happened to ſtand pretty near them, he durſt not ſo openly pay his court to her.—The lady was not more pleaſed than he with this circumſtance, and eyed me with none of the moſt cordial glances.—I muſt own I enjoyed their mutual uneaſineſs, which they could not entirely conceal from me. My conduct was more open. I liſtened, and ſeemed to ſuffer the aſſiduities of lord L——with pleaſure.—We frequently ſat down together. Mr. Beverly, whoſe vanity, though not his love, was intereſted, followed us with his eyes wherever we went; mortified, no doubt, that I ſhould bear his indifference with ſuch eaſe, and not only that, but could

liſten

liſten with ſmiling approbation to the addreſſes of another; for the particular behaviour of lord L—— muſt convince him I had made a conqueſt of him, at leaſt for the evening.

Once when I reſumed my place in the ſet, lady Caroline whiſpered the perſon that ſtood next her.—but loud enough for me to hear —"Theſe ſort of affected airs are very becom-"ing! don't you think ſo? Over delicate!" continued ſhe with a loud laugh.—I coloured with reſentment, eaſily gueſſing I was the perſon pointed at in this ridicule, which was occaſioned by my ſo often ſitting down. I made no return to her ill nature, but a look of diſdain, and being very inattentive, though without ſeeming to deſign it, whenever ſhe or her partner were danc-ing, ſo that I frequently put them out of the figure.

My lord, either inadvertently, or to mortify lady Caroline, who was far from being a favourite with him, followed my example.—This put the fair one out of all patience; but good breeding compelled her to reſtrain her anger, which ſhe durſt not manifeſt in any thing but her eyes, and frequent whiſpers to Beverly, accompanied with a tittering kind of laugh, always glancing a look at me when ſhe uttered it.—He durſt not encourage her too much on theſe occaſions, and looked really a little ſilly, not well knowing how to act, between his love for her, and ſome re-

mains of reſpect for me. I believe he was not ſorry more than myſelf when the ball broke up, as it relieved him from a viſibly painful reſtraint.

The counteſs took a polite leave of us before ſhe went, as did her daughters.—Mr. Beverly ſaw them to their carriage, and returned to accompany us home. Lord L——— expreſſed a great deal of regret at parting. Mr. Beverly thought proper to appear a little diſpleaſed at it, though I dare ſay it was all grimace.——He ſpoke very little all the reſt of the way, nor was any of us, you may believe, much inclined to talking.

We had not been a moment in our lodgings before he made his exit, and I ſaw no more of him for that night.—A dreadful one it was to me.—My reſentment, and the hurry of a crowd, had till then ſupported my ſpirits.——But now I had leiſure to reflect.——I was ſenſible of all my miſery, and ſpent the ſad tedious hours in tears, hardly cloſing my eyes; ſo that my indiſpoſition was greatly increaſed, and I found myſelf in the morning hardly able to riſe.——

Mrs. Beverly, anxious to ſee me, came early to my room to enquire how I had reſted. My pale and dejected looks anſwered her. She embraced me tenderly, and deeply ſighing, gazed at

at me in ſilence.—" Shall we go, madam?" ſaid I weeping; " let us leave this place; I do not like it."—" Yes, my dear daughter," anſwered ſhe, " we will ſet off immediately, if you " think you can bear the fatigue of the jour- " ney."—" I muſt," anſwered I; but call me " not your daughter; that is all over now. Yet " be my friend ſtill, I ſhall ſtand in great need " of that conſolation."——I burſt again into tears; and caſting my arms round her neck, gave free vent to my ſorrow.—She wept with me, and both continued ſome time ſilent. At laſt, raiſing my head, " Forgive me, madam, " for thus affecting you," ſaid I—" I will try to " get the better of my weakneſs."—" Oh my " deareſt daughter," ſaid ſhe, " I muſt, I will " ſtill call you by that endearing name."——— " No" ſaid I, " rather endeavour to wean me " from thoſe deluſive hopes I have too long che- " riſhed.—It is now impoſſible.—Beverly is " loſt to me for ever, do not attempt to blind " me." I ſobbed, unable to proceed.—" If he " can be ſuch an ungrateful monſter," cried ſhe, " I renounce him—he is no longer my ſon.—But " it is impoſſible; your beauty, your uncom- " mon merit"—" Alas! dear madam," ſaid I, " ſpare me on this ſubject, I cannot bear it.—— " It is all over, I ſee it too plainly; but do not " mention any thing of it to your ſon.—Let him " act as he thinks proper, it is in vain to oppoſe " him.——He is loſt——irrecoverably loſt to " me,

"me, let us go, and, if poſſible, without ſee-
"ing him.——I would not give him cauſe to
"triumph in my miſery."——

Mrs. Beverly rung, and gave orders for the coach to be got ready immediately. She made no enquiries about Mr. Beverly. "We will "drink a diſh of coffee here in your room, my "dear," ſaid ſhe, "it is neceſſary to take ſome-"thing before we ſet out." I made no objections; our ſlight breakfaſt was ſoon over, and in a few minutes we were informed the coach was at the door.

Juſt as we got into the paſſage, we met Mr. Beverly. "Where are you going, madam!" ſaid he, in ſome ſurprize. "Home," anſwered ſhe, without looking at him.——"Home!" repeated he, "and without deigning to acquaint "me with your intentions! but I ſhall in a few "minutes be ready to attend you."——"No," ſaid Mrs. Beverly ſternly, "we want none of "your company. I ſhall ſend your horſes for "you."—So ſaying ſhe followed me into the coach, where I was already ſeated, "Drive on," ſaid ſhe—leaving her ſon ſtanding like a ſtatue. —"I almoſt pity Mr. Beverly," ſaid I;—"I "wiſh you had not left him with ſuch viſible "marks of diſpleaſure."—"So do not I," anſwered ſhe, "he deſerves more puniſhment "than is in my power to inflict.—But no more

"of

" of him, my dear, I cannot bear the thoughts " of him, unworthy as he has proved himſelf of " the happineſs—but I have done,——I ſee I " affect you,—my dear, my amiable Indiana, " for ſuch you ſhall ever be to me."—

When we got to the end of our melancholy journey, I ran to my apartment. Here the firſt thing that ſtruck my eye was the picture of Mr. Beverly. I gazed at it ſome moments, then burſt into tears, flung myſelf on the bed, and gave way to a train of tormenting reflections.—You, my dear Clara, who have never experienced any thing of my painful ſituation, can have no idea of what I then felt.—Heaven forbid you ever ſhould.—

We have now been a week at home, and have yet heard nothing of Mr. Beverly. The happy Caroline engroſſes all his attention.—What a weariſome life do I now lead! How ſlowly do the hours drag on! How diſconſolate is every ſcene that once was contemplated with pleaſure!

The flowers, the groves, the ſtreams remain,
But Damon there I ſeek in vain.—

I am now ſo accuſtomed to weeping, that I hardly know when my tears flow and when they do not, they have worn themſelves ſo eaſy a paſſage.—How ſolitarily I wander from place to place,

place, ſeeking reſt, but in vain!—I ſhall never be myſelf again.—Pity me, Clara, and write immediately when you receive this.—Let me know how Fanny does; I think I love her with redoubled affection, now I am taught to feel how much ſhe has ſuffered.—Adieu, my friend. Under every change

I am ever

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XXIV.

To Miſs DANBY.

O My dear friend! my dear Indiana! what ſhall I ſay to you?—Deceitful, ſmiling villain!—How I hate the monſter!—This is too much.—The innocent and lovely Fanny was not a ſufficient ſacrifice to his vanity.——Muſt my dear, my accompliſhed friend too—I cannot go on.—

My ſiſter fainted when I read your letter to her.—— She is determined to quit the world.—All our perſuaſions are vain.—The proteſtant nunnery I mentioned in a former letter, is the place ſhe has fixed upon for her retreat. She would

would before now have put this deſign in execution, but that with tears I intreated her to allow me more time to reconcile myſelf to the thoughts of parting with her; and I am now labouring to bring my mind to ſubmit to my loſs.—This dear ſiſter no longer complains of her fate, but is all patient reſignation to the will of heaven.

Devotion is her employment and conſolation. She is even thankful for a misfortune that ſeems beſt calculated to wean her from a world ſhe loved too well.—Though all compoſure and ſerenity, ſhe is yet viſibly affected with a ſettled melancholy, that appears even when ſhe is moſt chearful.—Oh that you were with us! my dear Indiana! we would ſit and tell ſad tales of love; and when we heard of one that was like Beverly, cruel and inconſtant,—we would pauſe and wonder at ſuch baſeneſs, and learn to deſpiſe the whole perfidious ſex.—I renounce them for my part—Bevill, and all, and am half reſolved to follow my ſiſter's example. I know you have ſpoil' me between you. I have loſt all my ſpirits, and make but a woeful figure in the ſober way.—It does not ſit natural on me. I am neither one thing nor the other.——

I had a thouſand things more to ſay to you, but that I hear mama and Bevill are below.—I wonder what brought that creature here! He could

could not have come in a more unlucky moment for himſelf at leaſt, for I ſhall give him an intolerably cool reception.———

Adieu, my friend; I leave off with regret. This letter ſhall go, ſhort as it is, in obedience to your dear commands, which were that I ſhould write immediately. O that curſed Beverly!—I wiſh I had liberty to ſwear a little; it would be great eaſe to me.—Farewell. Believe me more yours than I can expreſs.

CLARA FREEMORE.

LETTER XXV.

To Miſs FREEMORE.

A Thouſand thanks to my dear Clara for the feeling ſhe kindly expreſſes for my misfortunes. I will ſtrive, like your amiable ſiſter, to bear them with patience; yet mine are far more dreadful than hers. She was not, like me, deluded with deceitful flattering hopes.—Mine was ſuch a fall from happineſs!—May ſhe find her peace reſtored by the retirement ſhe propoſes! I cannot, nor ſhould you, perſuade her to relinquiſh a deſign that may be for her good. I am convinced numbers live happy in that ſituation.———What does ſhe give up for it, but a world of care and diſappointment?———I don't

don't know but I may one day follow her example.——

But why ſhould you talk ſo wildly?——Becauſe one is inconſtant, is it a ſufficient reaſon to condemn the whole ſex without exception?——No; Bevill is not leſs than ever worthy your regard.—Marry him, my dear, and be thankful for your happy lot, for ſuch I am ſure you'll have reaſon to think it. But I hope you need not much perſuaſion to follow what ought, and I doubt not is your inclination.—Let me at leaſt enjoy the felicity of my friend, whatever miſery awaits myſelf.——

Beverly is not yet returned.—Can I wiſh he ſhould? Why ſee him, ſince he no longer loves me?—Would I never had! But theſe wiſhes are now too late, for I have loſt him and happineſs,—I fear for ever. What ſhall I do with myſelf? I cannot bear this houſe. Every thing reminds me of him.—My mind is ſo unſettled, I can determine upon nothing; yet I ſhould, I think, be eaſier any where than here.—Adieu, I ſhall tire you with my complaints; yet have I no other ſubject.

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

To Miſs FREEMORE.

NOW farewell to every ſhadow of hope.—'Tis all over.—I was ſent for to Mrs. Beverly this morning. They told me ſhe was very ill.—"Ill!" cried I, hurrying down to her, "good heavens! where is ſhe!" The ſervant opened the parlour door, where I found her with her people about her, who were endeavouring to recover her from a fainting fit. She held a letter open in her hand, which at the firſt glance I knew to be her ſon's writing.—A trembling ſeized me; and I ſoon ſtood in as much need of aſſiſtance as herſelf.—She opened her eyes, and with a deep ſigh fixed them on me; then faintly bidding the ſervants leave the room, ſhe again turned to me, who ſat pale and almoſt lifeleſs at ſome diſtance from her.

—"Oh! my beloved Indiana!" ſaid ſhe, "what ſhall I ſay to you?—Summon all your "fortitude to your aid.—Yet," continued ſhe after a pauſe, "I cannot tell you. Alas! you "will know but too ſoon."—"No, madam," cried I eagerly, "now, this inſtant, put me "out of pain; let me know the worſt. But "this letter," added I, taking it from her, "will, I ſuppoſe, ſave you the trouble.—I am "prepared. I half gueſs its contents by the "effect

"effect it has produced on you."—"Yet ſtay, Indiana," ſeeing me about to leave the room, "give me the fatal letter; you muſt not read it" —"Indeed I muſt, madam," ſaid I. "This "ſuſpence is worſe than certainty.—I will re- "turn to you preſently." So ſaying, without waiting for an anſwer, I flew to my apartment, where locking the door, I read as follows.

To Mrs. BEVERLY.

What language ſhall I make uſe of to ſoften the fault I have been guilty of?—I cannot repent the action which appeared neceſſary to my happineſs.—But to do it without the advice or knowledge of a parent, ſo intitled to my duty and affection, is, I fear, unpardonable.—Yet how durſt I propoſe a thing of this nature with any proſpect of your approbation, when I reflected on the juſt eſteem you have ever entertained for my amiable couſin? I mention that young lady with confuſion and remorſe.—But ſhould I not have been more inexcuſable, could I have continued to affect a paſſion I no longer felt for her?—Doubtleſs.—Such merit and beauty as ſhe is poſſeſſed of, is intitled to a worthier object.—I condemn, nay regret, an inconſtancy, that has made me act a part ſo culpable even in my own eyes. In vain I ſtruggled againſt the change.—I could not govern a heart whoſe feelings are not in my own power. I thought my paſſion

paſſion for her was too fervent and ſincere, ever to know a decreaſe.—But alas! I was miſtaken; my dear lady Caroline convinced me of the contrary.——

Believe me, madam, I did not tamely yield to my new and unjuſt attachment; no; I called my reaſon, honour, and duty, to my aid, but without effect; they were all too weak to break the enchantment.—I flew to the lovely Indiana for refuge, but in vain.—My eyes ſaw, my judgment acknowledged her beauty, while I liſtened with pleaſure to her ſenſe.—But my refractory ungovernable heart was cold and unaffected. —What could I do?—To think of an union with her while my affections were placed on another, would not only have been unjuſt, but muſt have been a ſource of miſery to us both.—May my accompliſhed, my ever eſteemed couſin, meet with one whoſe undivided heart is worthy of her, —while I content myſelf with the choice I have made! Yet tenderly as I love lady Caroline, I muſt confeſs the charms of her perſon are not equal to her's I once aſpired to the poſſeſſion of. —But an over-ruling fate governs us on theſe occaſions. Let this plead in my favour with the gentle Indiana.—I would on my knees ſue for that pardon I cannot be happy without. But I dare not, criminal as I am, appear before her in the midſt of my wedding joys. My heart is weighed down with the conſideration that I loſe the

eſteem

eſteem of two perſons ſo dear to me.—Will you, for heaven's ſake, permit me to ſee you? I can no longer live without that bleſſing. Yet dare I not attempt it till you give me leave.—Lady Caroline too!—Dear madam, endeavour to reconcile yourſelf to a daughter, who, but for your prepoſſeſſion in favour of another, you could not fail to love.—She longs to be preſented too. Her family expect it.—Her beauty, rank and fortune—What ſhall I ſay?—I only am in fault; let not then the innocent ſuffer with the guilty.—My marrying without, though not againſt your conſent, is a crime I plead guilty to. The particular circumſtances that accompanied it were a great aggravation of the fault. But ſtill it will, I hope, a little ſoften your reſentment, when you reflect that I have not diſgraced our family by an improper alliance.—Suffer nature, dear madam, to plead in favour of a ſon, who is, with the tendereſt affection,

Your obedient, and,

for the future, dutiful

HENRY BEVERLY.

P. S. I ſhall not enjoy a moment's peace till I am favoured with an anſwer.

There, my dear Clara,—did I not tell you he was loſt to me for ever?—Gracious heaven! how ſhall I ſupport my cruel fate?—Poor forlorn,

forſaken Indiana!—Yet he ſhall not ſuffer on my account; I will go down to Mrs. Beverly, and plead for his pardon —Can ſuch a choice as his ſtand in need of one? I fear not but it will ſoon be effected. Yet her kind partiality for me! —True, it is a little hard to be deſpiſed, rejected.—But was it not preſumptuous in me to aſpire?—Oh! my friend, I am deeply humbled. I cannot bear this ſubject.—How unfortunate to me your being out of town! I would elſe have taken the liberty of troubling you with my company for ſome time,—at leaſt till the viſit from the happy pair is over.—Where ſhall I fly to? Shall I ſtay and ſee their triumph, ſee the exulting lady Caroline with all the parade of bridal finery?—No, I will not treat her vanity with ſuch a feaſt.—Nor ſhall Mr. Beverly ſee the creature he has treated with ſuch ſcorn. I am not yet ſunk ſo low as to become a ſubject for their mirth.—I'll leave this houſe as ſoon as I have prevailed on Mrs. Beverly to admit their viſit.—I wiſh him happy, ungrateful as he has been to me; nor will I reſt till I have uſed all my endeavours to effect a reconciliation.—Be my wrongs forgot. The love I had for him is not yet extinguiſhed, nor can I forget he was once dear to me. May he never repent his perhaps worthier choice, while I endeavour to blot from my memory thoſe bliſsful ſcenes that are paſt, never, alas! to be recalled. My future proſpects are all dark and clouded. My ſun of happineſs is ſet,

never

never to riſe again, ſince there is nothing now in life that can animate my hopes, or engage my purſuits.—All is dreary and diſconſolate.—Farewell, my dear Clara. Let not my friend be inconſtant, though my lover is; for nothing but death can diſſolve that of

Your

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XXVII.

To Miſs FREEMORE.

WHAT a conſolation to me are your letters, my dear Clara! they are the language of your generous heart.—I know you grieve for my misfortunes.—Yet I thank you for the kind aſſurance; it ſooths me. I cannot be entirely out of conceit with myſelf, ſince you think me worthy your affection.—I have at laſt, though with great difficulty, ſucceeded in my ſuit to Mrs. Beverly; ſhe conſents to ſee her ſon; yet aſſures me ſhe can never love him as ſhe has done; nor would ſhe have admitted him to her preſence but for my preſſing entreaties. "I can refuſe you nothing," ſaid ſhe, "you govern me as you pleaſe. Shall a parent "be more backward to forgive than you whom "he has ſo greatly injured? Good heavens!"

added ſhe lifting up her hands and eyes, "what "a generous, noble nature is yours! "How "does this goodneſs in pleading for an ingrate, "that merits nothing but your hatred and re- "ſentment, inhance his guilt!—But he will re- "pent his falſehood one day or other, or I am "much miſtaken in the character of his wife. "Then will he curſe the folly of his haſty "choice, and too late know the value of a trea- "ſure he could never merit." She embraced me tenderly while ſhe ſpoke. I could not reſtrain my tears.—She looked at me ſome moments in ſilence, and again claſped me to her breaſt.—"I will write then to him," ſaid ſhe, "but how ſhall I govern my paſſion ſo far as "to keep it within bounds?—But does my In- "diana propoſe to ſtay?"—She ſtopped.—"I underſtand you, madam," ſaid I; "I do not. "I intend paying a viſit to lady Worthy for a "few weeks. I will return when your gueſts "have left you."—I could add no more, my heart was full, but left the room with precipitation.—Mrs. Beverly's letter is on its way by this time.—I have ſent to inform lady Worthy that I propoſe being with her on Tueſday.—She is an agreeable woman, but is at preſent in great affliction for the loſs of an only ſon. Her grief has impaired her health; he was a very promiſing young man.—Really, my dear, I fear I repine at trifling misfortunes, if compared to hers; but I cannot help it. I find but little conſolation in conſidering that others are as wretched

as

as myſelf; though this is generally uſed as an argument to conſole us, but with ſmall effect. 'Tis not the nature of calamity, but the manner in which we feel it, that ought to be the rule for judging of people's misfortunes, ſince from our own minds our griefs or ſatisfactions ſpring.—A perſon of a different diſpoſition might perhaps bear my diſappointment with indifference; but I am deeply affected either with grief or joy. Happy are they who have leſs ſenſibility; ſuch only can expect to paſs calmly through a life ſo ſubject to viciſſitudes.—So your dear ſiſter ſtill perſeveres in her reſolution, notwithſtanding Mrs. Freemore's reluctance.—I hope that lady will give her conſent.—I think ſhe will never be happy if ſhe is not permitted to follow her inclination. I make no doubt it gives her great pain to be obliged to refuſe you. Try therefore, my dear friend, rather to reconcile your mama to it, without you could prevail on her to accompany you to town; ſhe might then perhaps recover a reliſh for its pleaſures; but in the country there is no likelihood of a change, as there is nothing to excite her attention.—Could it be prevented, it were a pity a young lovely girl like her ſhould be loſt to the world. Yet what, alas! is this world we are ſo apt to doat upon? To me at leaſt it has very few attractions. I could wiſh it had more. One ſhould not be too refined in one's notions of pleaſure, but take them as they are. I envy thoſe who have a reliſh, and are diverted with trifles; they

are wiſer in the main than thoſe who deſpiſe them, and have many more ſources of amuſement. If we never ſuffer ourſelves to be pleaſed but with what will bear examination, we are likely to paſs through life with very little ſatisfaction.—Adieu, my dear Clara, Mrs. Beverly ſends for me. I will write to you from lady Worthy's. Till then, believe me

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the ſame.

WHAT an obliging woman is lady Worthy! ſhe knows my ſtory, and omits nothing in her power to divert my melancholy!—Her houſe is pleaſantly ſituated; the front windows look to the road, where there is a conſtant ſucceſſion of paſſengers. I frequently lay down my pen to take a view of them.—But from what motive, do you think? Cannot you gueſs —who is expected to day? They muſt go this way to the Grove.—O! now you underſtand me.—Yes, my dear, I may, I hope, be permitted to be an humble ſpectator.—Hark! I hear the noiſe of ſome carriage, I muſt look out.—It was them, it was himſelf.—Oh Beverly!

verly!—lie ſtill, my fluttering heart,—what have you to do with him now? why theſe emotions? once I might indulge them.—But is he not married? Happy — happy lady Caroline!—Oh! my dear Clara, I ſaw him. The coach ſtopped juſt under the windows while he gave ſome orders to the ſervants.—Heavens! how lovely he looked! Why did I yield to my fooliſh curioſity?—How imprudent! But I ſeverely ſuffered for it.—His dreſs ſpoke the bridegroom. No doubt the bride too had neglected no ornament that could add to her natural beauty.—Four ſervants on horſeback followed the carriage, with white and ſilver favours in their hats.—I can write no more.—My heart dies within me.—Envied lady Caroline! miſerable, forſaken Indiana?—I heard him ſpeak, heard his inſinuating well-known voice, that ſtill ſounds in my ears. Oh Beverly! dear, inconſtant Beverly!

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs DANBY to Miſs CLARA FREEMORE.

I AM determined to leave England. Lady Worthy has long had thoughts of going to the ſouth of France for the recovery of her health; the phyſicians aſſure her there is nothing ſo likely to effect it.—I have offered to accompany her. She received the propoſal with joy,

and I now only wait for Mrs. Beverly's conſent, which I hope ſhe will not refuſe me; how elſe ſhall I avoid the ſight of him that is ſo fatal to my peace? If I ſtay at Mrs. Beverly's either in town or country, I muſt be under a neceſſity of meeting with him —Alas! my dear unfortunate parent! where ſhall your poor orphan wander! how recover her loſt happineſs! Would I could find you, my beloved father, with what joyful haſte would I fly to your arms for ſhelter againſt the frowns of fortune!—But where ſhall I direct my ſteps in ſearch of you? —Oh my dear Clara! a thouſand tender ideas ruſh upon my mind, I muſt vent them in tears.—Adieu.

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XXX.

To Miſs FREEMORE.

I Have informed Mrs. Beverly of my reſolution. She was ſhocked at firſt; but I gave her ſuch juſt reaſons for it, that ſhe has at laſt given her reluctant conſent.—I am preparing for my departure.—O my Clara! ſhall I not ſee you firſt?—but it is better not.—I could not bear the pain of a formal parting.—I dread the thoughts of it with Mrs. Beverly. But I ſhall, I hope,

I hope, return to both my beloved friends happier than I leave them. Abſence and a variety of new objects will, I truſt, reſtore me to myſelf again.—But write to me once more, my dear, before I go,—I ſhall enjoy but few of your valuable letters, when at ſo great a diſtance; dreadfully long will be the interval between them.—Farewell, my true friend, if you love me, let me ſoon hear the pleaſing news that you have rewarded the conſtant paſſion of the deſerving Bevill. To him, your mama, and dear ſiſter, I beg you will preſent my reſpects and beſt wiſhes.—Once more adieu. I hardly know how to leave off writing to you. But I muſt at laſt ſubſcribe myſelf

Your affectionate

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XXXI.

To Miſs DANBY.

O Indiana! will you go, and without ſeeing me too? I cannot bear it.—Stay, my dear friend, ſtay, let me embrace you once again before we part, perhaps for ever.—I will ſet out immediately for the Grove. But you will be gone before I can get to you.—Cruel In-

diana!—I tell you again I muſt ſee you; I ſhall die with grief if I do not.—Stay, I conjure you, ſtay till I come. I have already given orders for my journey. I am fretful with impatience.

Muſt I try to compoſe myſelf enough to tell you what paſſes here?—O that abominable voyage! and the more abominable Beverly!—how I hate them both, and his mate too! I pray heaven he may repent his bargain. But I am ſure he muſt. A coquet! delightful character for a wife to be ſure!—So you adviſe me to become one as faſt as I can. You are right, to be ſure. Fickle wretches! they are not indeed to be depended on.—Well, to oblige you, my dear, I think I will e'en take the man; for one had beſt do it while they are in the mind; no truſting to the future. To own the truth, I have half given my conſent already.

My aunt inſiſts on having the wedding ſolemnized, as ſhe calls it at her houſe.—Bevill is an immenſe favourite with her. She tells me he comes neareſt her ideas of a true refined lover of any man ſhe ever met with. Pity they had not known one another ſooner, before the good ſoul was ſo ſtricken in years. They would have made a mighty comfortable ſober couple.——

But how can I ſuffer my pen to trifle, when I have ſuch cauſe to be ſerious? my friend going

ing to ſuch a diſtance from me, and the dear Fanny already entered on her ſtate of probation, where I am denied the pleaſure of ſeeing her; for ſhe made me promiſe not to attempt a viſit till the three months are over, in which ſhe is to make tryal of her new way of life.—"If I continue to enjoy the ſight and company of my friends," ſaid ſhe, "I ſhall never be able to "form a judgment of my retirement.—I ſhall "know no change. Let me then, my dear ſiſter, "try if I can have any reliſh for it, when de-"prived of what would make any place agree-"able. I muſt diveſt myſelf of every enjoyment, "but what I can find within the walls of my "convent; ſince if I take the vows, I muſt lay "my account with loſing them. I ſhall but "ſeldom ſee you after that. You are going, my "dear Clara, to enter upon new connections by "marrying a worthy man. You cannot then "be much in the country, I muſt therefore en-"deavour to wean myſelf from your dear ſocie-"ty, before I am compelled to renounce it.—"But be punctual to your correſpondence, "your letters will be a great conſolation to "me."—

Our parting was very moving, but nothing could alter her fixed reſolution.—Adieu, my dear, I will be more particular when I ſee you, which I am determined to attempt before you put your cruel ſcheme in practice. I ſhall defer

my

my journey no longer than till to-morrow morning.—Bevill will accompany me. Once more adieu.

Yours affectionately,

CLARA FREEMORE.

LETTER XXXII.

To Miſs FREEMORE.

THE chaiſe waits for me, my dear Clara. Lady Worthy is already on her feet.—But I muſt bid you once more adieu before I go, though I ſo lately did it in perſon.

Alas! my friend, that was a cruelly kind viſit; I wiſh you had ſpared it for both our ſakes; I ſhould not then have felt ſuch exceſſive regret at leaving you. Abſence had a little weaned me; but the enjoyment of your company, though for ſo ſhort a time, makes me doubly ſenſible to the loſs of it. But farewell, my beloved, deareſt friend, let us ſoften abſence by a conſtant and regular correſpondence, and unchangeable affection of each other. I will anſwer for myſelf; for I can never ceaſe to be

your affectionate

INDIANA DANBY.

P. S. Read the incloſed, you may gueſs what anſwer I ſent.

To

To Miſs INDIANA DANBY.

Will the moſt amiable of her ſex permit me now to break the painful reſtraint I had impoſed on myſelf? may I permit a ray of hope to brighten the gloom that has ſo long ſurrounded me?—My rival, now unworthy of that honour!—is now removed. Dare I then flatter myſelf, happy as you once made me, in a declaration of your eſteem, (a bleſſing that had enabled me, though barred of more delightful hopes, to endure a life that would without it have been inſupportable;) may I, I ſay, once more preſume to make an offer of a heart that long has, and ever muſt be yours?——I may boaſt its conſtancy, however deficient in other perfections.

Alas! adorable Indiana! if you reject all but thoſe who are worthy of you, our whole ſex muſt deſpair. But if a ſincere, tender, and reſpectful paſſion has any influence with you, if the man whoſe ſole ſtudy and happineſs would be to merit your approbation can be intitled to your regard, I may aſpire to that envied felicity, ſince no breaſt ever glowed with a purer flame than mine. My pen is unequal to the taſk of deſcribing what I feel.

Permit me then, dear madam, to be admitted to your preſence; let me there at your feet pour out the fulneſs of my heart, and receive a doom

a doom that will either crown with felicity, or condemn to wretchedneſs, him who is, with inexpreſſible affection,

Your devoted

CHARLES MANBY.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Miſs DANBY.

O That vile ſea! you terrify me to death, my dear Indiana, with the account of your voyage. Thank heaven you eſcaped the danger.—How kind was my friend! and how much am I obliged to her for writing ſo ſoon! though I could not expreſs my thanks before your ſecond letter, as I was not certain where to direct to you. I ſhould have expired with apprehenſion, had you deferred immediately informing me of your ſafe landing. I am ſuch a coward, that I think nothing could tempt me to truſt myſelf on the inconſtant element.--No; commend me to terra firma.—But you were always fond of rambling. May your travels produce the deſired effect, and reſtore you to peace and happineſs! I have known abſence and ſalt water ſucceſsfully preſcribed on the like occaſions. The French are a gay people; they tell me the very air of the country inſpires one with ſpirits.—

Wiſh

Wiſh me joy, my dear; would you believe it, I am actually metamorphoſed into a wife, a mere downright wife; a domeſtic one too, and as notable as you pleaſe. Mama is delighted with my behaviour, ſo is Bevill; but no wonder, it is the honey-moon with him yet.—I prevailed on Fanny to be preſent at the ceremony.—Badly judged, I fear; the ſilly figure I made on the occaſion, was not likely to put her out of conceit with her ſingle life. She was, however, more cheerful than ſhe had been for ſome time before. This gave me hopes that we might prevail on her to come amongſt us again. But I was miſtaken; for a few days after ſhe had been witneſs to my raſh vow, ſhe took hers, though the time of probation was not expired. The reaſon ſhe gave for it was, that being fixedly reſolved to do it ſome time or other, ſhe choſe it ſhould be while I remained in the country, that I might return the compliment, to be preſent at her ceremony, as ſhe had been at mine.—I was ſo; but I ſhall never forget it; hardly had I ſpirits to ſupport myſelf through the melancholy ſcene. But ſhe was all compoſure; never did I ſee her look more lovely. Her countenance wore a ſmile of ſerenity, while with an unfaultering tongue, ſhe audibly pronounced her reſignation of the world and all its pomps and vanities. Every body wept but herſelf. Several of our friends, as well as ſtrangers, were in the outward chapel.—When they were gone, we

ſpent

ſpent the reſt of the day, though ſeriouſly, yet not without pleaſure, in company of her and the reſt of the ladies.

I am very conciſe in my account of this affair, as I am fearful of lowering your ſpirits by grave ſubjects.—Let me therefore change it to the trifling parade of wedding viſits, form, and ceremony.—

Who do you think has honoured me with her company on that occaſion?—No leſs than lady Caroline; ſhe came with Mrs. Beverly.—I was exceſſively fluttered at the ſight of her, and had ſcarce ſo much command of myſelf as to behave with common civility. I hate her heartily. She is handſome though, I muſt acknowledge, but ſo overrun with airs and graces, that I was out of patience. A poor affected vain creature! Great proof of Beverly's judgment to be ſure, to make ſuch a choice! Infatuated wretch!—But my life for it he repents by this time.

She is vaſtly pleaſed with me, it ſeems. I have a great deal of the bon ton, ſhe ſays; ſomething ſpirited and degagée in my manner; hopes to be better acquainted; would be pleaſed with an intimacy between us.—In that ſhe will find herſelf miſtaken.—But good manners obliged me to return the viſit, which however I deferred as long as I decently could.—But what was my ſurpriſe, to find the knocker bound up, and the ſtreet before

fore her door covered with ſtraw!—What can this mean? thought I; is her ladyſhip already delivered. She diſpatches buſineſs with great expedition indeed! Not married five months, and already, I ſuppoſe, a ſon and heir produced!

While I was ill-naturedly enough enjoying thoſe thoughts, the door opened.—I aſked the ſervant for his lady. She was very ill, he ſaid. Upon which I was going to give orders to leave a card, when who ſhould make his appearance but Mr. Beverly. "For heaven's ſake come in "for a few minutes," ſaid he, opening the chariot door, "I have a thouſand things to ſay to "you."—"So have not I," anſwered I; the "viſit was to your lady." "No matter," ſaid he, taking my hand, "it ſhall be mine now. "Pray oblige me, dear creature; I inſiſt upon "it."——"What does the man want," ſaid I, ſuffering him to lead me into a parlour.—— "There now, be quick, I have no time to loſe "in your company; it is not ſo agreeable to me."—"Civil creature!" ſaid he,—"thank you "for the compliment. "Let me in return ſalute "and wiſh you joy of matrimony." "The ſame to you, Sir; I have not ſeen you ſince your wife "and commendable choice."—"Huſh!" ſaid he, "no more on that ſubject if you pleaſe; it "is unpolite, you know, to talk to a man of "his wife."—"But a wife like yours," ſaid I, "a fine lady, a fair lady, an afflicted lady, a "lady for whom you broke through every tie

"of

" of honour, of gratitude, of juſtice"—" Softly, " ſoftly, a little at a time if you pleaſe, or I ſhall " never be able to retain what you ſay upon the " occaſion—But come, to ſilence you, and ſtop " any further railing, I have only this remedy;" —and the wretch had the aſſurance to kiſs me.

I puſhed him away with real indignation. " Pretty airs theſe," ſaid I, " you give yourſelf! " I think a little gravity would better become a " man whoſe dearly beloved is ill. What is her " diſtemper pray? Not brought to bed already, " I hope!"—" No faith," ſaid he, " not quite " ſo bad as that neither, though bad enough in " all conſcience: no leſs than the ſmall pox. " Devil take them, ſhe will be a fright, I ſup- " poſe, ſhould ſhe even recover."—" O! thank " heaven," ſaid I, " I pray heartily ſhe may; it " is no matter, you know; what care you for " her perſon? it was not a ſet of features or " complexion, the tincture of a ſkin that you ad- " mired her for, or you would never have for- " ſaken for her one that ſo much excelled her in " theſe perfections; and not in thoſe only, but in " every other.—A woman"—Spare me," ſaid he, interrupting me,—" and I will whiſper a ſe- " cret to you.—I repent; but mum—it is paſt." —" I am glad of it," ſaid I. " Is that your la- " dy's picture?" looking at one that hung over " the chimney.—" Yes," anſwered, he, " a " flattered one."—" And yet," ſaid I, taking yours that hung at my watch, and comparing them,

them, "how infinitely ſhort does it come of "this?"—He eagerly ſeized it.—"Let go," ſaid I,—"dare not to pollute it by your unhal- "lowed touch.—It is the image of a divinity, nor "are you worthy either of the ſhadow or ſub- "ſtance."—"I own it," ſaid he, "but" (tak- ing it from my watch, and preſſing it to his lips) —"thus let me worſhip it."—Then looking ſome moments on it with tenderneſs in his eyes, —"Angelic creature," added he, "this is in- "deed her reſemblance, her ſweet ſmile,—her "lovely features. Health, innocence, beauty, "and a thouſand nameleſs graces, play upon her "countenance."—

He opened his waiſtcoat, and was putting it to his breaſt.—"Softly," ſaid I, "pray return it "to its right owner, to one who knows how to "value it."—"No," ſaid he with eagerneſs, "by heaven it is and ſhall be mine, no force on "earth ſhall make me relinquiſh it. Thus next "my heart I place it, and there it ever ſhall re- "main."—"The man's mad," ſaid I, "don't "be ſilly, Beverly, you will make me quite an- "gry." "I cannot help it, my dear Clara, for- "give my freedom: but that was the name I "knew you by in thoſe happy days that are fled, "alas! for ever.—But as to the picture, I "tell you once more, nay ſwear, I never will "part with it."

I was

I was quite vexed, and condemned my folly for having ſhewn it to him.—I urged, intreated, ſaid every thing I could think of to make him reſtore it.—"Pity it is," ſaid he ſmiling, "who "talks well ſhould ever talk in vain. But by "yourſelf, your charming ſelf, I ſwear."—"Pha," cried I, "give it me. I muſt be gone; "too much time have I already waſted in trifling "with you.—Come, give me the picture, and "go up like a good ſpouſe, and nurſe your mate "as you ought."—"No, I think we will defer "that," ſaid he; "but if you will be ſo cruel to "leave me ſo ſoon, I muſt endeavour to conſole "myſelf with this reſemblance of your lovely "friend. Yes, leave me; I long to ſit down to "contemplation. Heavens! what a pleaſingly "painful feaſt will it be! Oh Indiana!"—"Indiana! Oh!—you ſhould add," ſaid I, "to "compleat your rant. Upon my word you are "a ſtrange creature.—Indeed I always believed "you half mad; but I thought matrimony "would have ſobered you."—"So it has with "a vengeance," ſaid he. "Devil take it, I was "bewitched, when, like a fool, I ſubmitted my "neck to the yoke.—But 'tis paſt, and I muſt "make the beſt of a bad bargain."—

"Very pretty," ſaid I, "I wiſh your lady "heard you; ſhe would read you a fine curtain "lecture upon the occaſion. A fine idea you "will give me of a huſband! Truly I have "made a noble hand of myſelf, if they are all "like

"like you!—But come, the picture, the pic-
"ture!—good Beverly, give it me."—"Take
"it," ſaid he, extending his arms, "open my
"breaſt and ſearch for it." "Upon my word,
"I have a great mind."—"Do," ſaid he, "and
"this is the way I would ſerve you," catching me in his arms.—

I ſtruggled, and looked grave.—"Very well,
"Sir," ſaid I; "upon my word this is pretty
"free behaviour."—"Pardon me, dear Mrs.
"Bevill, no more Clara. Obſerve, I am now
"all reſpect.—What is paſt was on the ſtrength
"of old acquaintance. I have known the time
"when I durſt romp without all this ceremony.
"—But you are married, and will not take
"things as you have done. I ſtand corrected.
"—I had forgot you are no longer the gay, good-
"natured, ſprightly Miſs Freemore.—A plague
"on this marriage, it's good for nothing but to
"make people formal and ſtupid."—"Yet,"
ſaid I, "that effect is not very viſible in you at
"leaſt.—But adieu. And once more, ſeriouſly,
"will you reſtore the picture or not?

"Reſtore the lock, ſhe cried, and all around,—
"Reſtore the lock, the vaulted roofs reſound."

"No, ſeriouſly, then; and once for all," added he, "I will not"—"Mighty well, "Sir," ſaid I.—"Dear creature," cried he interrupting me, and taking my hand, "do not look grave
"again;

" again; you cannot think how ill you become " it.—Forgive me, and let me lead you peacea- " bly to your chariot, ſince you will leave me." —What could I do? I ſaw it was in vain to argue further with him; yet I was vexed, and took but a cold leave.

And now, my dear, let me aſk you what you think of his behaviour. He is an unaccountable creature, it is true; but to me it is plain he ſtill likes you. I am of opinion he ever has; and that his marriage with your rival was rather caprice than love. He knew not the ſtrength of his paſſion, becauſe he had no difficulties to encounter. He believed himſelf free, as anxiety and uneaſineſs, thoſe almoſt conſtant attendants on that paſſion, were removed. Had he met with obſtacles, I will lay my life he had been conſtant to this hour.

Lady Caroline was a fine ſhowy woman; a coquet too; this might excite his vanity. He wiſhed, I ſuppoſe, to ſhew he had power to conquer a heart even ſo changeable and fickle as hers.—He met with encouragement, perſevered, and, in ſhort, play'd the fool and married.—

But hang him, let's ſay no more about him; but, by way of revenge, even fall in love with a French count, marquis, baron, or ſomebody however; or if you cannot find in your heart to do it, reſume your indifference at leaſt.—Tell me

me once more you are eaſy and happy, and I will bid defiance to fortune.

Bevill popped in upon me juſt then, and deſires me to ſay a thouſand civil things to you for him. —Unconſcionable! Does he not ſee I have hardly room left to aſſure my Indiana that I am, with ſincere and unalterable affection, her Clara Freemore—Bevill I mean—always making miſtakes with this new name of mine.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

I AM amazed, my deareſt Clara, that I have received no anſwer to my two laſt letters, dated from Paris. I fear they have miſcarried, and am extremely uneaſy.—Sure my friend is not ill. Heaven forbid! write immediately, and eaſe my fears. I know, and make ſome allowance for your new ſtate, which will leave you leſs time to diſpoſe of in writing; but let your dear letters rather be ſhorter than leſs frequent.

I have almoſt recovered my former tranquillity. Travelling agrees with me, and I grow every day more fond of it. We are now at the Spa, and I like our manner of living here better than at Paris.

Lady

Lady Worthy has received great benefit from the waters. There is a great deal of good company at the wells; ſome as invalids, but more for pleaſure. Amongſt the former is the amiable marchioneſs de Gramont, and her more amiable ſon; they are conſtantly of our party, and we make a thouſand agreeable excurſions round this pleaſant country. The marchioneſs is ſtill a fine woman, and has a great deal of vivacity in her converſation, as indeed moſt foreigners have. Her ſon, the handſomeſt man I ever ſaw;—I except none, not even Beverly. He is naturally as lively, but he has ill health, which gives a kind of pleaſing languor to his manner that affects one. I cannot tell you how, (now none of your ſagacity,) one feels a ſort of tenderneſs for him, a kind of pity. 'Tis pity, you know, to ſee ſo fine a youth deprived of ſo great a bleſſing as health. Yet it gives, I think, a remarkable and engaging ſoftneſs to his behaviour, and a delicacy to his perſon, that makes him extremely lovely.

The ladies here are all dying for him, but they accuſe him of inſenſibility. I do not think the reproach is juſt. I rather fear—pho! fear! —no; think I mean love is the cauſe of his melancholy. Yet can he be unſucceſsful?—Impoſſible—if the fair one's affections were not pre-engaged.—Upon my word, to do him juſtice, he is—but you'll be ſpiteful, and ſuſpect ſomething, if I ſay much more.—

Well

Well then, let us talk of the marchioneſs. She profeſſes a great friendſhip for me, which I return with ſincerity. We are, as I told you, almoſt conſtantly together. I always attend her and lady Worthy to the wells, where they ſometimes prevail on me to drink the waters. Shocking ſtuff it is, my dear. The marquis is highly delighted at the grimaces I make on theſe occaſions, for which I puniſh him by compelling him to drink a glaſs or two extraordinary.

We generally walk till breakfaſt, after which ſome party of pleaſure is propoſed for our morning amuſements.—Chaiſes are ordered, and we make viſits to ſome of the neighbouring fountains.—It frequently happens that I have the marquis for my companion. I cannot ſay I am diſpleaſed on theſe occaſions, as his converſation is extremely engaging.—I muſt remark too, that it is always owing to his management when we go together; yet don't ſhake your head, Clara, for he has never yet made me the leaſt profeſſion of love, nor do I really believe he ever intends it; ſo you need be under no apprehenſions for me.

We return from our jaunts with excellent appetites, the common effect of the waters, and dine agreeably without ceremony, as that troubleſome gueſt is baniſhed from this place, where all ſtrive to make agreeable.—

We have frequent balls, at which the marquis is conſtantly my partner; (the marquis again! I

thought you propoſed to talk of ſomething elſe;) patience, my dear, I will preſently. The ladies begin to railly me on my conqueſt, for ſuch they will have it, but I am ſure they are miſtaken.—

Now, to oblige you, I will drop the ſubject for one more grave.—I have privately made enquiry for my father, guided by the circumſtances I knew of his hiſtory: but in vain. I have not gained the leaſt intelligence.—How unfortunate! he is ever in my thoughts. But alas! I fear I ſhall never ſee him.—I was miſerable while at Paris; that place was conſtantly bringing his misfortunes to my mind. This is now almoſt my ſole affliction; for Beverly no longer gives me pain, unworthy as he is of my regard. I triumph in the conqueſt of a paſſion ſo ill placed. For the future I will guard my heart againſt that tyrant love, and cheriſh my late reſtored indifference.—

I think I ſee you ſmile, and ſlyly name the marquis.—But fear not, I feel no ſymptoms;—at leaſt I hope not;—but when I do, you may be aſſured I will, with my uſual frankneſs, acknowledge the weakneſs.—But do you think it poſſible to love twice? I fancy not, for my part. —But time will determine.

Farewell, my dear Clara, 'tis late, and we riſe early; for which two reaſons I muſt bid you good night, after aſſuring you I am affectionately

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

DO you know I really begin to ſuſpect that the marquis has a tenderneſs for me? —— And hark while I whiſper, what I almoſt bluſh to own, I fear my heart is once more going to be refractory. It gives me great uneaſineſs; for I know it too well not to dread the conſequence. ——I found myſelf out by ſome bad ſymptoms, a little jealouſy. He was laſt night very particular, I thought, to a pretty young creature who is lately come to the Spa.—I was peeviſh and out of humour upon it; and when he requeſted as uſual the pleaſure, as he was pleaſed to call it, of dancing with me, I refuſed.——He was ſurpriſed, ſighed, looked chagrined, and diſappointed. A few minutes after I ſtood up with another gentleman, who is ſuſpected to have a partiality for me.--The marquis turned pale, complained of being ill, and left the company. I then too late repented what I had done, as this was a convincing proof of his indifference for the other lady.

A very diſagreeable evening did I paſs with my partner. All the compliments and fine ſpeeches with which I was honoured were loſt upon me, impatient only for the aſſembly's breaking up.—I hardly cloſed my eyes the whole night, and a-

roſe next morning earlier than uſual, longing for the hour of going to the wells. How tedious did the interval appear! But at laſt lady Worthy ſent for me to accompany her to the marchioneſs. She was ready, and we ſet off together; I lingering and looking back, but no marquis appeared.—How much was I rejoiced when lady Worthy enquired after his health, and expreſſed her ſurpriſe at not ſeeing him, hoping his laſt night's illneſs had not confined him to the houſe. "No," ſaid the marchioneſs, "he went out "this morning very early, the ſervants tell me. "I ſuppoſe we ſhall meet him at the fountain." Scarcely had ſhe ſpoke when he approached; his arms folded, and an air of melancholy on his countenance.—"Where have you been?" ſaid the marchioneſs. "Theſe ladies have been ho- "nouring you with enquiry after your health.— "A pretty gentleman! to give us the ſlip, when "we have ſo long permitted you the favour of "being our beau. Take my word for it we will "diſcharge you from your office, if you are not "more punctual in your attendance."—"O! "heaven forbid!" cried he, "rather let me "hope the ladies will forgive this firſt fault, "which does not, I flatter myſelf, merit ſo ſe- "vere a puniſhment. I could not reſt laſt "night," (he looked at me, ſighing as he ſpoke) "which obliged me to riſe earlier than uſual; "and not well knowing what to do with myſelf, "I took a ſolitary ramble, but was, when you

"met

"met me, returning to eſcort you."—"Well, "ladies," ſaid the marchioneſs, "what ſay you? "Shall we forgive him! I believe we muſt, he "looks very penitent."—We ſmiled our aſſent. ——As he walked next me, he contrived to detain me a little behind the reſt, on pretence of pointing out to me the beauty of a proſpect: "I "cannot, madam, be at reſt," ſaid he, "till I "know how I have had the misfortune to offend "you; yet your behaviour to me laſt night con- "vinces me I have; heaven knows how unwil- "lingly!—You cannot imagine how wretched "I have been ever ſince. My happineſs depends "on your eſteem: if I loſe that, I ſhall indeed "be miſerable."—"Why ſhould you think you "have?" ſaid I.—"Why!" cried he haſtily. "Ah! madam, had I not cauſe? did you not, "and with diſdain too, I thought, refuſe me an "honour I had ſo long enjoyed, and of which I "was gratefully ſenſible."—"Well," ſaid I, "be not ſo ſerious about a trifle,"—"Trifle!" repeated he, with earneſtneſs; "would I could "think it ſo! But to me it appears in a different "light."——"Forget it, Sir," ſaid I, "and "forgive me. I own I was a little capricious "laſt night; for to do you juſtice, you have ne- "ver given me the leaſt cauſe of offence; on "the contrary, I have a ſincere eſteem for you. "Here is my hand, let us be friends again." He took it with a reſpectful tenderneſs.——"Ten "thouſand thanks for this goodneſs," ſaid he,

"you have reſtored me to peace again."—"E-
"nough," ſaid I, ſmiling, "that affair is ſet-
"tled, let us make haſte to join the marchion-
"eſs; ſhe'll wonder what detains us."—

At dinner ſome of the company propoſed to go to Jeronſtere, as there was no ball in the evening. The jaunt was agreed to, as far preferable to ſitting down to cards, which is generally the amuſement when ſuch parties are not propoſed. The marquis took care to ſecure me for his companion, and we ſet off together. Our converſation was on general topics; yet his eyes ſpoke a more intereſting language.—I am a little amazed at his behaviour. If he loves, why ſhould he conceal it, ſince a declaration of that nature would, I fear, be too favourably received?—Yes, Clara, I find I have once more yielded to the tenderneſs of my nature. My heart, formed for love, and full of ſenſibility, has not been able to reſiſt his inſinuating charms. I no longer triumph in indifference, but feel a pleaſure in yielding to the ſweet infatuation.

What agreeable ſenſations did I not experience in our little journey! His looks, his voice, his manner, were all enchanting ſoftneſs; and hardly could I forgive the marchioneſs for ſeparating us in our return, though I believe ſhe had no particular deſign in it; her ſon's fine intelligent eyes ſpoke his regret.—

Do

Do you not wonder, Clara, at my weakneſs, after having already ſuffered ſo much by that paſſion? But I cannot help it, it is my fate, and I muſt ſubmit.—What will be the end of it heaven knows. The behaviour of the marquis is a little unaccountable; but what one wiſhes is eaſily believed. I am willing to ſuppoſe it proceeds from diffidence; yet in other reſpects one cannot accuſe him of being baſhful.—I hope he will not much longer keep me in ſuſpenſe, that is, I own, rather painful.

I rejoice at your happineſs, my dear Clara. Did I not tell you Bevill was a worthy man? Long may your harmony continue, and every other bleſſing your heart can wiſh, is the ſincere prayer of

Your

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

I Write from the moſt delightful place in the world, the marquis's chateau; a noble one it is, ſurrounded by moſt enchanting walks and gardens, in which the juſt and elegant taſte of their owner is every where diſplayed. I ſhould never be weary of admiring their beauties:

beauties which the amiable marquis takes obliging pains to point out to me.—Every time I converſe with him my eſteem and admiration increaſes, for never did I meet with one who joined ſuch agreeable vivacity to an uncommon ſhare of ſenſe. Beverly was as lively, but his wit too frothy, and would not ſtand the teſt, if diveſted of the grace his handſome perſon and ſpecious manner gives it; but every word the marquis utters will bear examination, for his ſentiments are not only ſtriking, but juſt: nor are his hearers leſs edified than amuſed; he has read a great deal, ſpeaks with propriety on every ſubject, and men as well as books have been his ſtudy.—The ſenſible and amiable marchioneſs has an equal ſhare of my admiration. 'Tis owing to the great care ſhe has taken of his education, (for his father died while he was young) that he now is the accompliſhed fine gentleman.

I am charmed with the regularity and eaſe with which every thing is conducted in this family.—The ſervants ſo punctually obſervant of their duties,—ſo reſpectful, though treated with great gentleneſs and becoming condeſcenſion; they almoſt adore their maſter; and with reaſon, for he is generouſly conſiderate of their intereſt, and has handſomely provided for thoſe who have grown old in the ſervice of his family; and the reſt are ſure of the ſame kindneſs, if they do not wilfully forfeit his favour.

How

How happy will that woman be, my dear Mrs. Bevill, who by an alliance with ſuch a man, would have ſuch animating examples to excite her to praiſe-worthy actions!—Don't ſmile, for I aſſure you it is not at all likely to be my fate.—The marquis is ſtill ſilent as to one intereſting ſubject; and ſince I came here, more than uſually cautious of giving me reaſon to ſuſpect that he feels for me any other ſentiments than thoſe of friendſhip.—Yet why do his eyes—but I fear I am too apt to miſinterpret their language.—I could wiſh—I don't know what, my dear. My ſituation is a little teazing, a kind of ſuſpenſe.—How ſilly! What do I wait for?———I deſpiſe myſelf.———If he likes me, there can be no reaſon that I can ſee to conceal it.———My fortune is not contemptible. My birth—and then the marchioneſs ſo fond of me too!—But as he pleaſes.—I hope my heart is not ſo deeply engaged that—but no matter;—a little time will convince me either that he loves, or is indifferent. If the latter, I truſt my pride on ſuch an occaſion; it may properly be called to my aid; and will, I hope, enable me to be equally ſo.—

How ſwiftly do the hours roll on in ſuch agreeable company! Muſic, reading, and the viſits of the neighbouring gentry, employ our time.—The marquis omits nothing that he thinks can amuſe us, and never man had a more

elegant taſte for pleaſure: he has the art of giving novelty to every ſcheme we engage in; ſo that we feel nothing of that languor and inſipidity that ſo often deſtroy the effects intended by pleaſurable parties.—But I muſt not indulge myſelf in too great a fondneſs for ſcenes that a few weeks will deprive me of. We have already been here a fortnight: in leſs than another we ſhall take our leave of a place that a variety of cauſes has endeared to me. But ſhall I not then return to England to my Clara, and the reſt of my friends? Will not theſe more than compenſate for the loſs of theſe more lately acquired ones? Doubtleſs. Yet—but wiſhes are vain.—What would I give that this amiable family were to accompany us! But it cannot be. I muſt leave them, and for ever too, I fear; for there is little likelihood of my taking a ſecond ramble, and far leſs that the marchioneſs ſhould think of paying me a viſit in England; and her ſon can have no curioſity, where other motives are wanting, to ſee a place where he has formerly been in the courſe of his travels; ſo there are no hopes of any thing of that kind.

I muſt leave you, my dear, it is near the hour of going to church.—This reminds me of one circumſtance in my character of this family, which, though a very material one, I had almoſt omitted, namely, that they are proteſtants, which the marchioneſs tells me will be accounted for when

when I know her hiſtory, which ſhe has promiſed to favour me with the relation of before I leave her.---Had they been of a different perſuaſion, you may believe I would not have indulged hopes, which yet I fear—yes, I own I fear—will prove fruitleſs.—Adieu, dear Clara, believe me

Your

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

O My dear creature, it is all over!—Born to diſappointment, I muſt ſubmit to the ſeverity of my fate; yet it is no eaſy matter to be reſigned.---My affair with Beverly did not ſo ſenſibly affect me as this ſevere blow to all my flattering hopes of felicity, which if I had arrived at, would, I doubt not, have crowned my future days of joy.---But it is over---vaniſhed like a dream, and I awake to real miſery.---Alas! what an end have I made of my travels! went in ſearch of my loſt peace, which I regained in ſome meaſure, only to loſe more fatally.---Once more I muſt fly from an object that has enſnared my too unguarded heart.---Why is my nature ſubject to ſuch weakneſs? why endued with a ſenſibility that has condemned me to ſuch painful ſenſations?---How I accuſe my too ſanguine hopes,

hopes, that could build upon ſuch ſlender, ſuch conjectural foundations!---But I am puniſhed, and too late regret my folly.---The marquis, my dear---But take the particulars.

The marchioneſs's woman was aſſiſting me in dreſſing this morning.---I was taking notice of ſome very fine pictures that hung in my apartment, and amongſt others one of a very beautiful woman, that was placed in a cloſet, and a green curtain drawn before it. I aſked, if that fair lady that was thus carefully concealed was one of the family. "Yes," anſwered the ſervant, ſighing, "ſhe was once ſo."---"Is ſhe "dead then?" ſaid I.---"No, madam," returned ſhe, ſhaking her head, "I wiſh ſhe was; "it would be happy for the marquis." "For "the marquis!" cried I eagerly.---"Yes," ſaid ſhe, "for the marquis; it is to her he owes all "his miſery."---"Explain yourſelf," ſaid I, trembling for the event.---"Why, madam," continued ſhe, "that is the picture of his lady." ---"Of his lady!" ſaid I, ſitting down, almoſt breathleſs.---"Yes, madam, to his coſt, I am "ſorry to ſay it, but the young marchioneſs is "ill deſerving of ſo charming a huſband. They "have been parted ſome time; and all owing "to her bad conduct, for he is the ſweeteſt tem- "pered gentleman in the world; but he is deter- "mined never to ſee her again---nor is ſhe ever "mentioned in his preſence, for there are no

"hopes

" hopes of a reconciliation. To be ſure ſhe has
" a ſad turn for gallantry, as indeed too many of
" our French ladies have; but the marquis is
" none of your tame complaiſant huſbands; he
" has frequently endangered his life by duels on
" her account.---Dear gentleman! to be ſure it
" was a great pity the late marquis ſhould make
" up a marriage ſo contrary to his inclinations;
" for I have heard it was from motives of duty,
" while he was very young, and not love, that
" he conſented to the match.---I am ſure it is a
" thouſand pities he ſhould have flung himſelf a-
" way on one ſo unworthy, when there are ſo
" many fine virtuous women that are dying for
" him; for I aſſure you, madam, he is univer-
" ſally admired."

In this manner ſhe ran on, and might for hours, for any power I had to interrupt her.--Was there ever any thing like it, Clara? I cannot expreſs what I then felt, but I know it was with great difficulty I kept myſelf from fainting.---It was well my dreſs was almoſt finiſhed, which gave me liberty to diſmiſs my attendant.---But when ſhe was gone I ſat like one thunderſtruck; I could hardly recollect my ſcattered ſenſes.---Lady Worthy found me in that condition. She twenty times aſked me the cauſe of my grief---for my tears at length had forced a paſſage) before I could compoſe myſelf enough to make a diſtinct anſwer; but when I did, it was ingenuouſly

ouſly to own the truth, conjuring her to invent ſome pretence for our immediate departure. She endeavoured to ſooth, and generouſly forbore to condemn my too great imprudence.---"Compoſe "yourſelf, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "that we may "give no ſuſpicions to the family. Govern "yourſelf as much as poſſible for a day or two, "that I may take neceſſary meaſures for our de- "parture. I will make the neceſſity of it clear "enough to the marchioneſs: ſhe ſhall not, you "may depend on it, have any room to ſuſpect "the cauſe. It is happy for you, my dear, that "the marquis is not to be at home to-day: this "is a favourable circumſtance, as it will give you "time to prepare yourſelf before you ſee him a- "gain. But I muſt greatly condemn him for his "behaviour. Why was his marriage kept ſe- "cret? It is true, I believe, he loves you, and that "would make it the more difficult for him to re- "veal it; but if he had had any honour or good- "neſs."---"I cannot bear to hear him condemn- "ed," ſaid I; "blame me, but do not reproach "the marquis. He never made any profeſſions "to me, and if I would be ſuch a fool as to put "a wrong conſtruction on his behaviour, I muſt "take the conſequence."---Very well," ſaid la- dy Worthy, ſhaking her head, "think as favour- "ably of him as you pleaſe, but he is not the "man I took him for.---Nor can I excuſe the "marchioneſs's conduct in this affair; for could "ſhe be ſo blind as not to obſerve his attach-

"ment

" ment to you? Where then is all that boaſted " friendſhip ſhe proffers?"--" You wrong her," ſaid I. " I really cannot bear thoſe unjuſt accu- " ſations; I dare ſay ſhe had no ſuſpicion of the " matter; and you know the ſubject of his mar- " riage, conſidering ſome of its circumſtances, " was not a topic ſhe would chuſe to enter upon " without an abſolute neceſſity." Lady Worthy ſeeing that her cenſures of them gave me pain, dropped the ſubject, and turned all her endeavours to conſole me, till ſeeing me a little more compoſed, ſhe left me, to go to the marchioneſs,---in order to prepare that lady for our approaching departure.—

I muſt leave you, my dear Clara. The marquis is returned, and I muſt endeavour to collect fortitude enough to ſee him without any viſible emotion.--Would I were fairly in England again! A fine hand I have made of my travels! Adieu, dear Clara.

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

I Have had an affecting converſation with the marquis.---After dinner lady Worthy, who had

had before mentioned it to the marchioneſs, began talking of our departure.—The marquis turned pale, faultered in his ſpeech when he endeavoured to aſk the cauſe of this ſudden reſolution.—My lady with great compoſure gave very plauſible reaſons: he ſighed, looked at me, and aroſe from his ſeat. I durſt hardly lift up my eyes, and trembled leſt I ſhould betray myſelf. Lady Worthy gueſſed my confuſion, and generouſly helped me to a pretence for quitting the room.

I wandered into the garden, hardly knowing what I did or where I was going. Here I had not been long before I ſaw the marquis, walking ſlowly, melancholy painted on his countenance. I was going to retire, but he prevented me. "Stay, deareſt Indiana," ſaid he, "for "pity's ſake hear me for a few minutes before "you leave me." "What would you ſay to "me?" cried I haſtily.—"What perhaps I "ought not," anſwered he, miſerable as I am "in an unhappy engagement; but why ſhould "I be ſilent, ſince my actions have already told "you, what till now my tongue durſt not: yet "to what purpoſe, ſince I muſt deſpair.—But "let me on my knees implore your pardon for "my involuntary paſſion; I know I ought not "to reveal it; I determined, I ſtruggled for the "contrary. But you are going.—Ah! madam, "I ſhall never ſee you more."

Tears

Tears ruſhed into his eyes while he ſpoke, and his looks expreſſed unutterable anguiſh. "What a ſubject is this?" ſaid I with affected coldneſs? "what ought I; what would your lady think of it?"—My lady! cried he, "my curſe, my torment, the deſtroyer of my peace. "—Ah! madam, pity me at leaſt, and do not "hate me for a fault I could not help commit- "ting. I know I ought to die rather than ac- "knowledge my preſumption, if it is pre- "ſumption to adore you without hope, "with an impoſſibility of a return. A fatal "bar is fixed between us; but nothing, alas! "can conquer my unhappy paſſion.—Ah! "why did we ever meet? till then my heart "at leaſt was free, whatever other misfortunes "I had to encounter. Why is my health re- "ſtored? But it will not be long ſo; my phy- "ſician, my charming phyſician will leave me; "to you, madam, I owe my cure: but, alas! "you have infected me with a far more terrible "diſeaſe, a diſeaſe that baffles all the power of "medicine."—

"I have liſtened too long to you," ſaid I, "and condemn myſelf for it. I could not have "believed that you had ſo little reſpect for me, "as to entertain me with a diſcourſe of this na- "ture."—"Little reſpect!" cried he eagerly; "by heavens I reverence as much as I adore you. "Ah! madam, how you wound me with this "cruel, this unjuſt reproach; but 'tis well; go on,

"on, and put an end to a miſerable being that "cannot ſurvive your hate."—"You wrong me, Sir," ſaid I, "if you think I can hate you; "my whole behaviour muſt have but too viſibly "convinced you of the contrary. Had you been "free"—I bluſhed, for the latter part of my ſpeech dropped from me inadvertently.—"Pro-"ceed, dear madam," cried he, "what were "you going to add? do not think me capable of "abuſing your goodneſs."—"Then you take it "for granted it was ſomething in your favour," ſaid I. "Pardon my preſumption," ſaid he, "but 'tis natural for the wretched to catch at "the leaſt ſhadow of hope.—But ſpeak, lovely "Indiana, if I was free, might I, in pity to my "ſufferings, flatter myſelf, that you would not "then have rejected my ſuit?"—"To what "purpoſe ſhould I reveal my ſentiments," ſaid I, "ſince you are not?"—"To great, to moſt de-"lightful ones," interrupted he; "ſuch a hope, "ſuch a conſolation, would ſupport me under "the miſery I am doomed to: amidſt all "my misfortunes I would exult in the thoughts, "that my Indiana would, but for my evil deſtiny, "have crowned my wiſhes. Say you would," looking tenderly at me, "in compaſſion to my "ſufferings, tell me you would have been mine." "—"Why will you force me," ſaid I, "to a "blameable confeſſion? I fear my weakneſs is "but too viſible. I acknowledge I eſteem you, "and grieve that you are not more happy:— "we are neither of us ſo."—Enough, my deareſt "Indiana,"

"Indiana," ſaid he, taking my hand, "I will "not pain you further;—I ſee the gentle ſym- "pathy of your heart, and thank you for this "goodneſs;—and here," continued he kneeling, "I ſwear on this ſoft hand, never to know ano- "ther love but this I feel for you. Your dear "image ſhall be the conſtant companion in my "diſconſolate ſolitude, when its bright original "is far, far diſtant from me."——

He aroſe, and put his handkerchief to his eyes; nor was mine unemployed. Then turning to me again, "Theſe gardens where I have ſo "often been bleſſed with your dear company," ſaid he, "that houſe that was honoured with "ſuch a gueſt, ſhall be my conſtant retreat. "Here will I wander and indulge my ſorrow "for your loſs. Every bower that you have "reſted in, every walk that was favoured with "your approbation, ſhall be my haunts; there "will I meditate on your charms, and recollect "thoſe delightful moments I have paſſed with "you, and live over again in imagination thoſe "bliſsful ſcenes: not a human ſoul ſhall be "admitted to diſturb my ſolitude. I will no "more indulge myſelf in the pleaſures of friend- "ſhip or ſociety—I renounce the world, ſince "there is now nothing in it but yourſelf I think "worthy of the leaſt regard.—No, madam, I "loſe every thing in loſing you. But tell me, "will you ſometimes think on the unfortunate "Gramont? ſometimes honour his memory

"with

" with a ſigh?"—" Ah! Sir," ſaid I weeping, " how you affect me! would it were in my " power to reſtore your peace! Farewell, " Sir; may my abſence produce that happy " change, I truſt it will. I have yet two days " to ſtay, endeavour in that time to reconcile " yourſelf to my departure; let not the family " have cauſe to ſuſpect your partiality. Once " more adieu!" added I, turning to leave him, " may we both know happier days." So ſaying I walked ſlowly and reluctantly from him, frequently turning my head while he continued ſtanding in the ſame poſture. I left him, his eyes only moving to gaze at me till I was out of ſight.——

Adieu! dear Clara; I have hardly a moment's leiſure for writing.—The marchioneſs, who kindly regrets our going, will hardly ſuffer me to be abſent from her an inſtant.—I have not ſeen the dear marquis ſince I met him in the garden. He is not well they tell me.—Ah! I fear not indeed. To morrow we begin our journey for Paris.—Who can expreſs what I feel on the occaſion? Alas! Clara, am I not to be pitied?—But adieu!

I am ever your

INDIANA DANBY.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

WE have left the marchioneſs, and have made the firſt ſtage of our journey. With what a heavy heart do I leave a place that was ſo fatally dear to me! I did not ſee the marquis; he durſt not, I believe, truſt himſelf to take leave of me. Illneſs was his apology: pray heaven it was no more. The dear marchioneſs too! —it is my fate to be ever obliged to ſeparate from the friends I eſteem.—I am not well, my dear Clara; how can it be otherwiſe? my ſpirits are exhauſted with continual care and diſappointments;—a fixed melancholy has taken poſſeſſion of me.—Lady Worthy, kindly ſolicitous for my happineſs, was, you may believe, the propoſer of our return to Paris, where ſhe hopes the gaiety of the place will have an influence on my ſpirits. I fear not;—nay, am rather averſe to the experiment, but ſhe was too preſſing to be refuſed. However, I believe ſhe does not propoſe a long ſtay there, as ſhe knows I am impatient to return to England; and as her health is greatly reſtored, ſhe does not wiſh to remain here on her own account; but ſhe ſays ſhe is unwilling to carry back her charge, without my having reaped any benefit from her preſcription; for ſhe was a ſtrenuous advocate with Mrs. Beverly to let me undertake the journey that lady

was

was never fond of; and now earneſtly intreats me to return, aſſuring me, her new daughter does but ill ſupply my loſs.—I am ſincerely grieved at ſome hints ſhe gives me about that lady. I fear, indeed, Mr. Beverly has not made ſo diſcreet a choice as one could wiſh. He ſhould not, I think, much regret the loſs of her beauty, if her too great turn for coquetry had accompanied it; but it is no eaſy matter for a lady to forget what ſhe has been. I hope things will not be carried ſo far as ſhe ſeems to apprehend. I never, even while I continued to have a tenderneſs for Mr. Beverly, wiſhed to be revenged for the treatment I met with; and now I no longer feel the leaſt remains of that paſſion: I more than ever wiſh him happy with the lady he thought fit to prefer before me.—'Tis certain, he is poſſeſſed of many engaging qualities that might render any woman happy, could he conquer his natural inconſtancy.——

I rejoice every time I read your letters, my dear Clara, at your accounts of Mr. Bevill: happy pair! what can equal the felicity of ſuch an union? For me, after all, I believe I was born to be a nun; it was not for nothing I have a reliſh for that way of life, ſo I think I'll e'en follow Fanny's example.—Mr. Beverly and the marquis have cured me of love; at leaſt the latter has made it impoſſible for me to be guilty of that folly with any other. You perhaps think that a heart that could love twice might love a third

hird time; but I am convinced I cannot.—He is married; I can have no hopes; all that is left for me to do, is the painful taſk of extinguiſhing a flame that it would now be criminal to indulge, and that I fear will be employment enough for my whole life to come.——

The chaiſe waits for me; adieu my friend, I will write once more to you from Paris, and then I hope to have it in my power to aſſure you in perſon of the unchangeable affection of your

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XL.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

IN vain do I try, my dear Clara, by amuſements, to recover my tranquillity. My heart is inſenſible to every pleaſure; life is now inſipid to me. Alas! I cannot forget the too lovely marquis: I dare not own this weakneſs to lady Worthy, who, though an excellent woman, is a little ſevere in her notions, and would not, like you, I fear, be partially indulgent to my foibles and imperfections. She has never, I believe, experienced the force of love, and conſequently cannot be ſenſible how hard a taſk it is to govern one's affections.—I ſtrive to forget him,

him, but in vain.—I am conſtantly telling myſelf I will think no more of him: but alas! while I am making this laudable reſolution, is he not even then the ſubject of my thoughts? Prepare, my dear Clara, againſt my return, to aſſiſt in conquering my weakneſs.——

We meet with the greateſt civilities from the people of this country; I admire their politeneſs, and, were my heart at eaſe, could be content to make a longer reſidence amongſt them. I think, upon the whole, though perhaps leſs ſincere, they are in general more agreeable than the Engliſh. If they flatter us while they make profeſſions of friendſhip, it ſhews, however, that they think it worth their while to endeavour to pleaſe, and that is at leaſt a compliment. The gentlemen are extremely gallant in their behaviour, and treat the other ſex with a deference and reſpect, that is I think very pleaſing. In this they have the preference to ours, which is greatly owing to their education, that is not in their opinion complete, till the converſation of the fair has given a poliſh to it; and this is of great advantage to them both; for by that means the French ladies are more learned, ſenſible companions, than women of other nations. They teach the men refinement and gentleneſs of manners; while the gentlemen, in return, communicate their knowledge: and this unreſerved intercourſe between the ſexes, though it may be abuſed into licentiouſneſs, has otherways an agreeable

agreeable effect; for the ladies thereby gain an eaſy graceful confidence, and a freedom in communicating their thoughts that is very deſirable: for how often have I known women of admirable ſenſe, unable to diſplay it in company, from a *mauvaiſe honte*, which I have likewiſe heard miſcalled modeſty; but I will not allow it to be a virtue, ſince it deprives ſociety of its greateſt charms—an unreſerved freedom in ſpeaking one's ſentiments.——

It is to this diffidence we may aſcribe our converſing on ſuch general topics.—Here every one gives their opinion without reſtraint. Love, friendſhip, politics, and philoſophy, are frequently diſcuſſed with great wit and ſpirit. You ſeldom find the company here reduced to talk of the weather, or other common place ſubjects.—The men of letters do not think it beneath them to diſplay their learning before the fair; and the author is proud to have their approbation of his performance:—in ſhort, women have here, and here only, a juſt value ſet on them.—Amongſt men of ſo gallant a turn, you may believe I am not without my ſhare of pretended admiration.—If my heart was at eaſe, I could, I think, amuſe myſelf with the characters of my French lovers; one or two of them are highly finiſhed originals.—When I have a little recovered my chearfulneſs, I'll entertain you with a deſcription of them.—We go this evening to the

opera, in company of the counteſs de Courtanville, a celebrated beauty, and mademoiſelle d'Aubigny her ſiſter; a crowd of beaux too will attend us: but what is all this to me, who am loſt to pleaſure?—Company obliges me to leave you.—Adieu, my dear.

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XLI.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

WHO do you think is come to Paris, my dear? Mr. Beverly; I ſaw him laſt night at the opera.—You may believe I was ſurpriſed, but my indifference for him ſecured me from any painful emotions; he ſeemed more affected, and paid his compliments with confuſion; he looked extremely handſome. It is the firſt time I have ſpoke to him ſince his marriage, you know. I aſk'd for his lady; he ſighed, told me briefly ſhe was well, and changed the ſubject.—I did not like his behaviour; he ſeems to forget that he is no longer at liberty to treat me with his former tenderneſs.—I am juſt informed he is come to pay me a viſit—I muſt ſee him though it is diſagreeable to me. I'll finiſh my letter when he is gone.

Miſs

Miſs DANBY in continuation.

As lady Worthy was a little indiſpoſed, I was obliged to receive his viſit alone.—On his knee he intreated my pardon for his inconſtancy. "I "was infatuated," ſaid he;—"but heaven knows "how ſeverely I am puniſhed for my crime!" —"O no apologies, Sir," cried I coolly;—"you have long ago been forgiven; I am not in "the leaſt offended with you."—"No!" ſaid he, ſighing, "I fear not;—I am even unwor-"thy of your reſentment; you ſet little value on "my heart, ſince I find you can loſe it with "ſuch indifference."—"To be plain with you," anſwered I,—"I do not ſet much; for when I "ceaſed to eſteem, my love was ſoon vanquiſh-"ed."—But let us change the ſubject, "this is "ungrateful to me."—"O my curſed fate," cried he paſſionately, "now my miſery is com-"pleat.—You hate me then?"—"Hate you?" ſaid I; "that is a harſh word. I do not know "that I hate any body; I ſhould be very ſorry "to find my nature capable of it.—Indeed if "you were not the ſon of my dear Mrs. Beverly, "I might perhaps have leſs eſteem for you than "others—but ſince that is the caſe, I muſt have "ſome little value for one that is ſo nearly relat-"ed to her."—He aroſe, and walked about the room in great agitation: at laſt coming to me, and ſeizing my hand, "Indiana," ſaid he, "you "will make me mad, do not drive me to extre-

"mity.—I cannot, will not bear this ſcornful in-
"difference."—"You threaten me," ſaid I, with a ſmile of contempt;—"leave me, Sir, till "you recollect yourſelf; let me not again be "honoured with your company, till you have "learnt to behave more conſiſtent with the cha-"racter of lady Caroline's huſband."—He bit his lips.—"'Tis well, madam," ſaid he paſſion-ately,—"go on. I have deſerved this puniſh-"ment—fool that I was to forfeit ſuch a trea-"ſure. But," added he, ſoftening his voice in-to tenderneſs, "has my lovely Indiana quite "eraſed from her memory thoſe bliſsful, happy "days, when Beverly was dear to her? thoſe "days, when with ſuch ſweet complacency ſhe "haſtened to my paſſion, when her modeſtly "baſhful eyes could not conceal the ſoft, the "——" "Huſh, Sir," ſaid I, frowning; "you "forget whom you are talking to. Is this a fit "diſcourſe for me to hear?—What do you "mean? Had I gueſſed how you would have en-"tertained me, believe me I would not have ad-"mitted your viſit. I thought the ſon of my "friend would have known better what becomes "both himſelf and me than to treat me in this "manner. Do not accuſe me of rudeneſs, Sir, "if I leave you. Had your behaviour been "more proper for the occaſion, I ſhould with "ſome pleaſure have entertained you as an ac-"quaintance I once eſteemed; but I find it is "high time for me to bid you adieu." So ſay-ing,

ing, I courtſey'd, and was going. He had gazed on me with fixed attention all the time I was ſpeaking; but now he ſprung forward, and ſeized hold of my gown, with wildneſs in his looks. "You ſhall not go," ſaid he, "by heaven you "ſhall not leave me yet:—I am deſperate, and "care not what I do. I love you to diſtraction. "nay, and will continue to love you in ſpite of "fate."—I was terrified.— "What do you "mean, Sir?" ſaid I.—"O do not aſk me," ſaid he;—"I am mad, and can give no reaſon "for my actions. All I know is, that I adore "you.—Yes, Indiana," continued he, catching me in his arms—"I adore you."—I ſcreamed, and ſtruggled to diſengage myſelf from him—"Alarm the family," cried he, ſtill holding me; "call the whole earth to your aſſiſtance, they "ſhall cut me to pieces before I will relinquiſh "you. No, we will never part again. I tell "you, Indiana, I came to Paris in ſearch of you. "I come to die in your preſence, ſince I cannot "live without you. Had you ſhewn the leaſt "ſymptom of remaining affection, I would have "died in peace, but you hate—you deſpiſe me. "—Some curſed rival has gained a heart that "I would ſuffer every torment men and devils "could inflict to be once more maſter of.—Talk "not to me of being married.—I am not, will "not; you are the idol of my heart, and "ſhall be ſo while I have life." I was ready to faint, and trembling beſought him to let me go; but far from liſtening to me, he con-

tinued to rave till I thought him mad in reality. At laſt his ſpirits, quite exhauſted with the violence of his emotions, forced him to be ſilent.—He turned pale, his arms quitted their hold, and he fell almoſt ſenſeleſs on the floor, his eyes ſtill fixed on me, but their fierceneſs converted into languor.—What a ſituation was I in! I durſt not call for aſſiſtance. What would the ſervants think of ſeeing him in that condition? I knelt down by him, and did every thing I could think of for his recovery. In a few minutes he came to himſelf again, made an effort to ſpeak, but could not.—He took my hand, looking tenderly at me in ſilence; at laſt raiſing himſelf on his elbow, "My Indiana," ſaid he, in a faint voice, "I am dying;—do you pity me? ſay you for-"give me before I leave you for ever, and par-"don the wildneſs of my behaviour."—He pauſed, I was affected, and wiped my eyes. "You "weep," ſaid he, putting my hand to his lips; "you do pity me, I ſee you do. Oh my love! "how ſhall I thank you for this goodneſs?"—"Riſe, Sir," ſaid I,—"I cannot bear to ſee you "thus? Why will you give way to a paſſion I "muſt no longer encourage? For heaven's ſake "ſtrive againſt this weakneſs."—"No," ſaid he, "that I never will; I glory in it, and tell you I "muſt—I will love you.—I care not what is the "conſequence; nor will I leave this houſe till "you aſſure me you do not hate me."—"Be "ſatisfied then," ſaid I, "I do not." He aroſe, and looking ſtedfaſtly at me, "May I believe "you?"

" you?" cried he; " do not trifle with me;
" ſwear that you forgive me, and promiſe that
" you will not refuſe to ſee me again."—" I
" do," ſaid I, " and give you leave to renew
" your viſit when you can ſee me as a friend only,
" without theſe extravagant emotions. Conſi-
" der, Sir, how improper they are, how incon-
" ſiſtent with"—" Huſh," cried he, " or I ſhall
" be mad again: not a word of my curſed mar-
" riage, it ſhall not bind me; I am, I will be
" free."—" I ſee it is in vain to argue with you,"
ſaid I.—" It is indeed," anſwered he, " my paſ-
" ſion ſcorns the reſtraint of reaſon. I love, deſ-
" pair, am deſperate, and cannot anſwer for my
" actions. Look here, my Indiana," added he,
opening his waiſtcoat, and ſhewing my picture,
" ſee how my heart is guarded from every other
" object. This lovely image revived the flame
" that lay dormant; it ſurely poſſeſſes ſome un-
" common virtue, for from the moment I appli-
" ed it to my breaſt, the dear original has never
" one inſtant been abſent from my thoughts.
" How have I gazed at, kiſſed, and talked to this
" enchanting image of my love! Nor could I be
" ſatisfied till once more bleſſed with a ſight of
" the dear original; yet to what purpoſe! Oh
" that I could untie that fatal knot that binds me
" to my ruin! Curſed prieſtcraft!—but for a
" fooliſh ceremony, I might be the happieſt of
" mortals.—If my Indiana knew or felt the force
" of love, ſhe would, in ſpite of all obſtacles,
" fly with me, though it were to a wilderneſs.

"Such a paſſion as mine would, with the wo-
"man I adore, make any place a paradiſe."
"Your brain is turned," ſaid I, interrupting him; "how can you talk at this mad rate?" "I
"know it is," ſaid he; "but who is the cauſe?
"who is it that forces me to act theſe extrava-
"gances? Is it not my angel! my ———"
"Huſh, for heaven's ſake," cried I, "or I am
"gone."—"Oh! not yet, not yet," ſaid he, running towards the door, which to my inexpreſſible joy was that inſtant opened by lady Worthy, who finding herſelf better, and juſtly imagining I ſhould be tired of our tête à tête, came very ſeaſonably to my relief.

Mr. Beverly ſtarted when he ſaw her, and paid his reſpects with viſible confuſion; when after a few minutes general converſation, he took his leave. As ſoon as he was gone, I informed lady Worthy of what had paſſed, and that I thought it would be neceſſary to quit Paris as ſoon and as ſecret as poſſible; for I was terrified leſt his paſſion ſhould hurry him into ſome extravagance that might expoſe us both.—Lady Worthy was entirely of my opinion, nothing could equal her amazement at the account I gave of his behaviour. She was ſhocked, and congratulated me on my eſcape from a marriage with a man of ſo bad a turn.—Thank heaven, my dear Clara, that I have; for I am convinced I ſhould have been miſerable; ſince how could I hope to

have

have ſecured his affections more than lady Caroline?—

Orders are given to prepare for our journey; I rejoice at the proſpect of ſeeing my friend ſo much ſooner than I expected.—Adieu, my dear, wiſh us a good voyage,—and then farewell, France, and a long farewell—I fear for ever—to the charming marquis! What would I give to know if he is better?—if he is happier than when I ſaw him laſt? But wiſhes are vain, or I ſhould have many more to make.—Amongſt the reſt would be a very ſincere one for your perfect felicity, ſince I am, with more affection than I can expreſs, my dear Clara's

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XLII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

WE embark to-morrow morning, but I write a few lines to my Clara (though perhaps I ſhall be with her as ſoon as the letter) to tell her I am well, and that we concerted our meaſures with ſuch ſecrecy and circumſpection, that Mr. Beverly does not, I dare ſay, yet know that we have left Paris. I did not till yeſterday

imagine how very neceſſary it was to be thus cautious; but then my maid informed me of his having endeavoured to bribe her to aſſiſt him in a project he had wiſely formed of playing the knight errant, and carrying me off. Jenny, who is a ſenſible, faithful girl, affected to come into his meaſures, bidding him truſt to her management;—and this ſhe did with deſign of preventing his employing others if ſhe had ſeemed to object to it.—They had, it ſeems, fixed upon the day, which ſhe took care ſhould be at ſuch a diſtance as would allow me time to be pretty far on my journey.—She would not, ſhe ſaid, inform me of this plot while at Paris, for fear of alarming me; but now I was out of his power ſhe imagined ſhe might ſafely do it, hoping it would not give me much uneaſineſs.—How was I ſurpriſed and ſhocked at this intelligence! what an eſcape have I had from a man ſo deſperate, from a man who is ſo little maſter of his paſſions!

I enquired into the particulars of their ſcheme. Jenny informed me that ſhe had promiſed to give proper inſtructions to our coachman, who, to render what ſhe ſaid the more feaſible, ſhe pretended was her lover, and conſequently would, with the aſſiſtance of a good bribe, be eaſily wrought to their purpoſe, and then it would be no difficulty, when I took an airing, as was frequently my cuſtom, attended only by one ſervant on horſeback, who would be eaſily managed, to have me carried to what place he thought proper,

per, where he might meet me.—Mr. Beverly was, it ſeems, highly delighted with her invention, and offered a conſiderable ſum, as well as large promiſes;— but ſhe refuſed the money, telling him it would be time enough for a reward when ſhe had performed the ſervice.— It was with great difficulty that ſhe could prevail on him to delay his project;—he was exceſſively importunate it ſeems;—but the faithful girl invented pretences for deferring it with ſo much art, that he ſubmitted to her management, as he believed he had firmly ſecured her in his intereſt. —She told him that the better to effect his deſign, it would be neceſſary for him to leave Paris a few days, and in conſequence of that to pay me another viſit, by way of taking leave of me, as ſhe knew I was under ſome apprehenſion on his account, and would therefore be cautious how I ventured out without lady Worthy, or ſome of my friends, which would diſconcert their plan; but if I thought him out of the way, I ſhould be leſs on my guard.—He ſaw the reaſonableneſs of her advice, and came accordingly to pay his reſpects to lady Worthy and me; telling us with affected eaſe he was going to leave Paris for a fortnight or three weeks, and ſhould ſet off next morning;—his viſit was ſhort, and but for his eyes I ſhould have thought he meant to change his conduct towards me, but they were a little ungovernable.

What a man is this! my dear Clara, and what a wicked

a wicked plot had he formed againſt me! Thank heaven and my faithful ſervant, he is diſappointed, and I have happily eſcaped the ſnare.—Sure he muſt be parted from his lady!—How much I pity her! coquet as ſhe is, ſhe could not merit ſo ſevere a fate. My dear Mrs. Beverly too is, no doubt, grieved at his imprudent conduct.—How dreadfully has matrimony altered him! for ſure when I firſt knew him, he was, though gay, a man of ſtrict honour and good morals, as the world goes.—The amiable colonel Manly!—what is become of him I wonder!—he is a prince to this roving Beverly.—I long to ſee and aſſure him of my unchanged eſteem; but I ſhall ſee all my friends ſoon—my dear Mrs. Beverly, Clara, Fanny, and the reſt of my beloveds. Till that happy time adieu, and believe me yours, &c.

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XLIII.

To Miſs FANNY FREEMORE.

London.

I WILL be with you, my dear Fanny, in a week at fartheſt: your ſiſter's not being able to accompany me ſhall not prevent my journey; for I am impatient, after ſo long an abſence, to embrace again my beloved friend.—Who knows, my dear, but I may be tempted to make my abode

bode with you for life?—Clara tells me ſhe is half afraid to truſt me on this viſit, in the diſpoſition I am in at preſent. She has, however, ſecured me ſome time longer, as I have promiſed to be a ſponſor at the chriſtening of her ſon and heir, that is ſoon expected to make his appearance.—How I rejoice at the harmony that reigns in this happy family!—Your mamma ſeems to have renewed her age; nor can I wonder, ſince there never was a ſon-in-law more affectionate than he is to her, nor more tender and complaiſant than he is to his fair lady.—Poor Mrs. Beverly is not ſo fortunate in her ſon's marriage.—There has actually been a formal ſeparation between him and lady Caroline, who conſoles herſelf with the faſhionable amuſements of the town, which the genteel allowance he makes her enables her to enjoy in all its ſplendor.—A poor equivalent I ſhould think it for the loſs of his love!—She is no longer a beauty, but a graceful perſon, and a good deal of ſprightly wit ſtill ſecures her a ſufficient ſhare of admiration.—People blame her as much as Mr. Beverly for their parting.—I will not pretend to judge, but there are generally faults on both ſides on theſe occaſions.—I am, for my part, more concerned for his mother than either of them. Her affliction is the more ſevere, as ſhe doated on her ſon.—You may believe I have not mentioned a word to her of his behaviour to me at Paris; I ſhould be ſorry to add to her grief, already too great.—This lady will accompany me in my journey to D—;

ſhe

ſhe has long intended paying a viſit to your aunt, but for my ſhare I propoſe accepting the polite invitation your ladies make me, and will live with you while I ſtay in the country.--I long to make trial of thoſe ſerene pleaſures you ſo feelingly deſcribe. If I like them—but time will determine my future choice.

I have not ſeen colonel Manly ſince my return to England; he is in the country. It ſeems your ſiſter pretends to foretel events, and will needs propheſy that he will be the man at laſt.—I give her leave to ſay what ſhe pleaſes, but I am pretty certain of the contrary; for have I not reaſon to believe abſence, and pride for his formerly ſlighted offers, has by this time cured his paſſion? I too, I hope, have done with love for ever, with all its pleaſing pain; and welcome calm indifference—for how bleſſed the maid, whoſe boſom no headſtrong paſſion knows!

What had I elſe to ſay to you?—a thouſand things: but I will reſerve them till I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you; till when I take my leave, with aſſuring my dear Fanny, that I am her affectionate

INDIANA DANBY.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

To Miſs FANNY FREEMORE.

HOW are you, my ſweet friend? Well, I hope, and as happy, as when I had the pleaſure of being with you; peaceful and contented with your calm retreat.—But for my affection to your ſiſter, I could wiſh to return to you again, only ſhe could make a town life ſupportable to me, whoſe mind has now too great a turn for melancholy to reliſh its tumultuous joys.—There is nothing but joy and feſtivity in this happy family on the birth of my pretty godſon, and the recovery of his fair mother. Mr. Bevill is in raptures on the occaſion, and doats on the little ſtranger, and is, if poſſible, fonder than ever of his lady.—To do her juſtice, Clara makes an unexceptionable wife: I could hardly have believed it poſſible for one of her gay diſpoſition to acquire ſuch a domeſtic turn; yet when I reflect on the goodneſs of her heart, and her excellent underſtanding, my wonder ceaſes.—

I have hardly a moment's leiſure to think of my misfortunes; the houſe is continually crowded with congratulatory viſitors; but in ſpite of this I cannot get the better of my melancholy.—In the midſt of chearfulneſs and mirth, my heart is weighed down with ſadneſs. I ſigh with the recollection of the marquis; if I hear a good thing

thing ſaid in company, juſt ſuch, I whiſper to myſelf, would have been his ſenſible remark, ſuch the juſtneſs of his ſentiments.—Oh Fanny! pity and excuſe my weakneſs; I find I cannot, —I never can forget him.—

Mr. Beverly is ſtill abroad; he has wrote once or twice to his mother, but not a word about me, not ſo much as a ſingle enquiry after my health. —I hear he leads a very gay, or rather (for that is too ſoft a word) a very libertine life at Paris. He has, they ſay, taken into keeping a celebrated opera dancer, who makes him pay liberally for her favours.—This account your ſiſter received from a gentleman, who is lately arrived from that part of the world.—Poor lady Caroline! ſhe ſurely merited a better huſband, notwithſtanding her little foibles: though perhaps had he married a woman of a more ſolid turn, her good conduct might have prevented his ſo freely giving the reins to his paſſions.—Do not ſuſpect I have vanity enough to drop this hint in favour of myſelf:—no, my dear, if I could not ſecure his conſtancy while a lover, I had little reaſon to expect it when he commenced huſband.

Mrs. Beverly longs to return to the Grove; and but for your ſiſter's entreaties I ſhould before now have accompanied her there; but my dear friend will not hear of my leaving her till ſhe is able to go abroad again.—What! ſhall ſhe have no comfort but caudle to ſupport her ſpirits in her

her confinement?—If I will but ſtay till ſhe is well enough, ſhe will, ſhe ſays, go with me, and leave the little ſqualler for Bevill to nurſe, as he ſeems ſo fond of the employment, and goes ſo handily about it; yet far is this from diminiſhing his dignity in my opinion, nor her's neither I dare ſay, to ſee him fondling the ſweet infant; he never looks more amiable than when he has it in his arms.—Clara's eyes are fixed on him with more than uſual tenderneſs on theſe occaſions, though ſhe pretends to rally him on what ſhe would perſuade us ſhe thinks a weakneſs; but we all know her too well to believe ſhe ſpeaks her ſentiments, when ſhe gives a looſe to her ſprightly vivacity. She aſked him this morning to get her Rouſſeau's Syſtem of Education, for ſhe was reſolved to follow his precepts. This produced a lively converſation, wherein the ſentiments of that uncommon author were examined and diſcuſſed. This is a pleaſing ſubject, my dear Fanny.—I hardly know how to have done, when my friend is the theme. Matrimony, that has undergone ſo much unjuſt ridicule, would be, in my opinion, the moſt deſirable ſtate in life, were they all to live and love like this happy pair.—Indeed I believe it a true aſſertion, that there is no medium, but that it is either extremely happy, or extremely miſerable.—Talking of matrimony puts me in mind of colonel Manly; he is in town, and has again renewed his addreſs to me; but alas! my dear, I have no heart to diſpoſe of;—he has my friend-

ſhip,

ſhip, my eſteem, and that is all in my power to give, yet he will perſevere in his ſuit. My friends intereſt themſelves warmly in his favour. —I acknowledge his merit, but cannot love; yet your ſiſter will have it, as ſhe told me long ago, that it muſt be a match at laſt.—I cannot think it, ſince I am determined never to give my hand, but where my whole undivided affections are engaged.—

Mrs. Beverly is very earneſt with me to conſent to what, ſhe ſays, ſhe is ſure will be for my happineſs;—talks of his good morals, his fine perſon, his underſtanding, his birth, eſtate, in ſhort, every inducement ſhe can think of, but in vain; my heart is inſenſible to all ſhe, or even he with far more eloquence, can ſay to me on the ſubject:—yet he will not take a denial, only begs permiſſion to ſee, and continue to love me; and he will have patience till he knows if time and his tender unremited aſſiduity will produce no change in his favour. I have not denied his requeſt, and almoſt wiſh him ſucceſs. He is to accompany us to the Grove, as is likewiſe lady Worthy and Mr. Hawies, an agreeable young clergyman, a relation of Mrs. Beverly's. The time is not yet fixed for our journey, nor ever will, if my Clara can help it.

I have a thouſand compliments to my dear Fanny from her numerous acquaintance, who often talk of you, and have never yet recovered

their

their amazement at the unaccountable choice (as they call it) you have made.—The pretty miſs Jeſſy is married, and againſt the conſent of her friends, as the youth ſhe has choſen is much beneath her in birth and fortune. You know ſhe was once fond of Beverly and thought ſhe ſtood a fair chance for his heart.—But no more chit chat; this letter is of a convenient length, ſo I will not add to it, but by aſſuring you of the conſtant friendſhip and eſteem of

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XLV.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

From the Grove.

AND thou, Brutus, will you too join the colonel's forces, after giving me your promiſe you would for the future ſtand neuter? He begins to plume himſelf on ſuch powerful advocates;—but it can't be, my dear,—indeed it can't; 'tis impoſſible to be teazed into love; yet you excel in the art of perſuaſion, and I feel myſelf incapable of anſwering your convincing arguments, except by repeating what I have ſaid a thouſand times, that love is involuntary.—We ſpend our time agreeably enough;—the colonel's

lonel's whole ſtudy is to oblige.—Adieu for the preſent, dinner waits.—

Miſs DANBY in continuation.

We are juſt returned from church; the colonel's reverent behaviour there has raiſed him in my opinion: 'tis noble in him to ſhew a manly, rational piety, now religion, eſpecially with gentlemen of the army, is ſo much out of faſhion.—Mr. Hawies made the ſame remark. Theſe gentlemen are much pleaſed with one another: indeed it is impoſſible to be acquainted with the colonel and not eſteem him.--We have been raillying him on a conqueſt we tell him he has made at church.—Indeed, our old acquaintance Miſs Boothby caſt ſome very ſignificant glances at him.—He humoured our pleaſantry; aſſuring us, he believed the flame would ſoon be reciprocal, for her bright eyes had ſhot ſome keen darts. "And let me tell you," ſaid Mrs. Beverly, "they are tipt with gold; for ſhe has a very "large fortune, and is entirely at her own diſpo-"ſal too, ſo that you have great reaſon to be "proud of the diſtinction ſhe paid you, ſince "that and her beauty has procured her a nu-"merous train of admirers."—"Then it muſt "poſitively be a match," cried I; "what ſay "you, colonel?"—"O madam," anſwered he, "you know I am too much your ſlave to make "any objections to your will and pleaſure."—"Well then," ſaid I, "the affair will ſoon be ſettled;

ſettled; the doctor here ſhall do us the favour to tie the indiſſoluble knot.—" With all my heart," ſaid Mr. Hawies, " provided I may chuſe the " parties; I promiſe you the colonel ſhall be " one, but as to the lady"—Aye, as to the " lady," cried the colonel, that is the point."— " Oh," ſaid I, this expreſſes the diffidence of " a lover; I have no doubt of her conſent." " No!" cried he, ſeizing my hand, then " I am happy, for you certainly beſt know " her mind; ſo my dear doctor here is the fair " bride, you are witneſs to her kind —" Softly," cried I, interrupting him, " this wilful miſtake " will do you no real ſervice. What is the lady's " name, Mrs. Beverly?"—" The lovely, the " adorable Indiana," ſaid he with rapture."— " Pho!" ſaid I, " you know who I mean." " I do," anſwered he, " if you mean the ſovereign " of my affections."—" Yes, Sir," ſaid I, " her " that is to be, Miſs Boothby;—upon my word " ſhe is a fine young creature; ſuch amiable " features, ſuch a lovely bloom, ſuch a fortune, " ſuch ſparkling eyes"—" Go on," cried the colonel, " what elſe?"—" Need I add more?" ſaid I.—" O no, 'tis needleſs," anſwered he; " I aſſure you, I am already as much charmed " with her as I ever ſhall be."— I am interrupted again, my dear Clara, ſo I will cloſe my letter, ſhort as it is, leſt I ſhould be too late for the poſt.—Adieu!

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

To Mrs. Bevill.

READ, my dear; who could have thought we had ſuch foundation for our raillery?

To Miſs Indiana Danby.

The knowledge I have of your amiable diſpoſition, emboldens me with the leſs ſcruple to write to you on a very extraordinary occaſion; an occaſion that my delicacy condemns, but my heart urges me on; this I durſt not venture to own, but that I have great dependance on your diſcretion and goodneſs, which perſuades me you will, in conſideration of the modeſty of our ſex, conceal a ſecret that I bluſh to acknowledge.—I pauſe, and hardly know how to proceed in revealing a weakneſs, for which I can plead no excuſe but the merit of the object.——

I have ſeen too often, I fear, for my repoſe, the amiable colonel Manly.—Gueſs my meaning, dear madam,—and ſpare my confuſion.—Is he—give me a proof of the noble frankneſs you are ſaid to excel in—I need not aſk if he is your lover—but is he a favoured one? Indulge me ſo far as to let me know on what footing he is with you,—that I may either indulge or timely ſtifle—I cannot proceed;—pardon the incoherence of my

my ſtile; I hardly know what I write.—Make favourable allowance for me on a ſubject, that would too much humble me to enlarge upon.—Honour me with an anſwer, and excuſe this liberty from her who is, with the higheſt eſteem,

Your obedient humble ſervant,

ARABELLA BOOTHBY.

She may depend on every thing in my power to ſerve her in this affair; pray heaven the colonel may be propitious to her wiſhes!—I ſent her the following anſwer.

To Miſs BOOTHBY.

Madam, I am extremely obliged to you for the confidence you honour me with, which you may aſſure yourſelf I will not make an ungenerous uſe of.—I offer my friendſhip, if you think it worthy of your acceptance; believe me I admire your amiable delicacy, nor can I think you have leſs for owning you are not inſenſible to the merit of an object, ſo worthy of every one's eſteem. But for a prior attachment, I ſhould have kept what you are pleaſed to call a weakneſs in countenance;—only that could have ſecured my heart from being touched with his many perfections.—You have nothing to fear on my account; yet I muſt acknowledge he loves me, but I never have, nor can encourage, his addreſſes;

addreſſes;—ſo that there is room to believe a lady ſo amiable in her perſon, ſo affluent in fortune, if once known that ſhe honoured him with her regard, could hardly fail to make a change in his ſentiments, conſidering the little proſpect, or rather impoſſibility, of his ſucceeding in his preſent ſuit.

I will not preſume to adviſe you how to act in an affair of ſo delicate a nature.—Men are naturally capricious, and pleaſed to give themſelves ſome conſequence in their opinions by conquering difficulties, which makes them too apt to ſet leſs value on the greateſt bleſſings, when too eaſily obtained; yet the colonel is generous, and has a mind ſuperior to the foibles of his ſex.—I doubt not but your good ſenſe will direct you to the moſt proper methods of proceeding.—You have my ſincere wiſhes for your ſucceſs in that, and every thing that can conduce to your happineſs; for I am, with great ſincerity,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

INDIANA DANBY.

I have diſpatched my letter: and now adieu, my dear Clara; the company are aſſembled, and expect me to join them.

Miſs DANBY in continuation.

The colonel was called out this morning; a ſervant informed him, that a perſon waited

for

for him in the hall, who refuſed to deliver his meſſage to any body but himſelf.—"Who can it be?" cried he, with ſome ſurpriſe.—You may believe I could give a ſhrewd gueſs;—I wiſh the fair one may not be too precipitate.—He returned to us with a little glow on his face; was abſent and thoughtful; and ſoon after left us, and retired to his apartment.—I would give a good deal to know his proceedings, but I dare not hint my curioſity, ſo muſt have patience and wait the event; but I need not exerciſe yours by delaying to diſpatch this epiſtle, knowing how kindly ſolicitous you are to hear from me; I ought to rejoice, though my letters are leſs entertaining. I have no longer a variety of incidents to amuſe you with, ſince mine, alas! have ever been of the unfortunate kind. I hope I ſhall now glide through life in calm obſcurity, and am content to be a little inſignificant, if I can only regain, and preſerve, for the future, my peace of mind. Let me never loſe your friendſhip, for that is a conſtant ſource of happineſs to your

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER XLVII.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

THE colonel has acted nobly. Miſs Boothby, from whom I had the particulars of his behaviour, gives him the higheſt commen-

dations, though he has, but in a moſt delicate manner, acknowledged to her, that he never can think of any other woman, while there is the leaſt hope left of gaining me. She congratulates, yet owns ſhe envies me the heart of a lover of ſuch uncommon merit,—wonders he ſhould be unſucceſsful, and very generouſly pleads in his favour; frankly declaring, that ſhe ſhould eſteem herſelf the happieſt of women were ſhe in my place.—She tells me that in their interview, he expreſſed himſelf with much reſpect, not in the leaſt preſuming on the encouragement ſhe had given him; aſſuring her, on the contrary, if his heart had been diſengaged, the knowledge of the partiality ſhe honoured him with would but the more have indeared her to him; for he never would, he ſaid, marry any woman who he was not aſſured had a paſſion for him equal to his own, a paſſion which he would wiſh her to avow, without that falſe delicacy which is ſo often practiſed, though a needleſs reſerve, to a man of honour and generoſity, who would never abuſe the amiable confidence.—In ſhort, he gave ſo artful a gloſs to the ſtep ſhe had taken, that he has, ſhe ſays, reſtored her to her own good opinion, which ſhe had almoſt forfeited by her too unprecedented conduct in this affair. She would ever, ſhe added, have the higheſt regard for him; and her greateſt wiſh (now all hopes on her own account were out of the queſtion) was, that he might conquer my indifference,

ference, and be happy in an union that his heart was ſo ſet upon.

She then proceeded to uſe many generous arguments to perſuade me to reward, as ſhe is pleaſed to call it, a paſſion ſo conſtant, ſo ſincere, as that he feels for me; ſhe expreſſed a grateful ſenſe of the obligation ſhe pretends to have to me.—Yet what have I done?—nothing, in my opinion.—She is ſorry, ſhe ſays, that, as ſhe is circumſtanced, ſhe muſt deny herſelf the pleaſure of a further intimacy. Amiable miſs Boothby!—Mine is the loſs; for I am ſure ſhe is worthy of my eſteem. I am ſorry to have been a bar to her happineſs,—and to the colonel's too, I may add; for would he not have been greatly ſo with a woman of her fortune and accompliſhments?—I have heard a noble character of her;—her riches are not beſtowed in vain,—ſhe is ſaid to make a moſt generous uſe of them.—The colonel, though he juſtly might, makes no merit of his refuſing ſo advantageous a match for my ſake, but is ſtill the reſpectful, the unaſſuming lover he ever has been; though he knows from the lady that I am acquainted with the affair, which, but for her, would ever have remained an inviolable ſecret, that his juſt ſenſe of honour would not have permitted him to divulge.

I was the firſt, as Miſs Boothby gave me permiſſion, to mention it to him, and was charmed

with the generoſity of his ſentiments, and the tender delicacy with which he talked of the lady. —What raiſed him ſtill higher in my opinion was, that though we had a long converſation on the ſubject, he purpoſely avoided making uſe of an occaſion, ſo favourable as ſome would have thought it, to mention his love; nobly diſdaining, as I before ſaid, to make a merit of the ſacrifice he had made me.

This piece of ſelf-denial had a better effect than the moſt ſpecious profeſſions would have had; and I was at that time half perſwaded that my indifference began to ſubſide.—But I have ſince examined my heart, and find it was admiration, not love, that I then felt for him; for alas! I am ſtill, though abſolutely againſt my own will, inſenſible to warmer ſentiments; and while that is the caſe, I cannot, ought not to think of being his; for marriage is a ſtate that ſhould not be entered upon but with every advantage, every requiſite, as our news papers expreſs it, that is likely to render it happy.—It is a thing that once done cannot be remedied, therefore ought not to be entered upon without the moſt mature deliberation; and after all our caution is, alas! but too ſeldom what one could wiſh.

You will not be offended at this freedom, ſince you are a charming exception to the too general rule, and experience true felicity. Could I hope

I hope to be equally fortunate with the colonel,—but that is, I fear, impoſſible, ſince my affections are not, as yours were, diſengaged from every other object but the man you made choice of.—I really think the wiſeſt thing I can do, is to continue ſingle. Why ſhould I wiſh for a change, why forfeit a freedom that is ſo deſirable, ſo exempt from the cares that neceſſarily attend the other ſtate? Yet I know one ought not to be ſo ſelfiſh as to avoid marriage only from ſuch narrow motives as one's own eaſe, ſince we are all born for the good of ſociety, and ſhould, as much as poſſible, keep that in view in all our actions; but then, my dear, we naturally ſeek happineſs, and are not always called to ſuch an heroic ſtretch of virtue, as entirely to give up that purſuit for the ſake of the public, except upon ſome extraordinary occaſion.—But then if I indulge myſelf in my favourite plan of life, how ſhall I endure the ſo much dreaded and ridiculed appellation of old maid?—Yet will this affect me, when I ſhall moſt likely be able to ſay, that man delights not me, nor woman neither;—when my paſſions will be calm, the high day of life over, and I become indifferent to every thing, but the joys of friendſhip?

Fanny's happy retreat often runs in my head; that retreat, that you take ſuch well-meant pains to diſſuade me from, and Mrs. Beverly ſo ſtrenuouſly oppoſes; but for that, I believe, it would be my choice.—I am in a kind of unſettled way,

can fix upon nothing —I think I ſhall be more at eaſe when the colonel and our other gueſts have left us.—I long to be more a miſtreſs of my time, to have more leiſure for thought.—The truth is, I am not happy; and in that caſe, one is apt to imagine any change would give one eaſe.—I have loſt my reliſh for ſociety, for mirth, in ſhort, for almoſt every thing I once took delight in. My days appear tedious, and my nights reſtleſs.—What ſhall I do?—Come to me, my dear Clara, and with your valuable company diſpel this laſſitude that has taken poſſeſſion of me. Write at leaſt more frequently. You cannot think how your letters revive me: and pray in your next let me know how lady Worthy is. I am a little uneaſy at not having received a letter from her ſince ſhe left us.—I fear ſhe is ill again. Be ſo good as to preſent my reſpects to her, and thoſe of my acquaintance for whom I have any particular value, amongſt which you may juſtly include thoſe of your family, for I am theirs, and my dear Clara's affectionate

INDIANA DANBY.

P. S. Not a word of Beverly have I heard for this month paſt. I wonder what is become of him, and if he is ſtill going on at his uſual mad rate.

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

To Miſs INDIANA DANBY.

NEWS! news! good folks, rare news! and you ſhall know it.—But not a word more for your life of convents, old maids, and ſuch dreary ſtuff.—No, no, we have other proſpects now; we won't take things as we have done. On with your beſt looks, my dear;—nay, no ſkipping; read even on and forward, you will come to it at laſt. Patience, child; what the duce, would you have me ſpoil the œconomy of my epiſtle, and introduce my intelligence over head and ſhoulders without form, or method? No, thank you for that; it's worth waiting for, or I am much miſtaken; I ſhall make you amends at laſt, when I come to talk plainly about—about what do you think now?—Nay, pray gueſs.—Pho! the marquis! how came he in your head?—he is married you know, and I am too much of a wife to think of encouraging you to talk of a married man.—Do as you would be done by, think I hear his ſpouſe ſay; ſo, my dear, it cannot be him you find.—Well, but who is it then?—Softly, all in good time; you levyers are ſo quick upon one, ſo eaſily flung into palpitations forſooth, and all that—that really a reaſonable woman hardly knows how to deal with you.—Suppoſe now, for I will e'en put you out of pain,—ſuppoſe, I ſay, that lady Caroline were

dead, and your once dear Beverly returned to England, grave, reformed in his morals, handſome as an angel, in ſhort every thing that heart could wiſh.—What! pouting and diſappointed!—Very pretty truly! What would the girl have?—Nothing but the fine marquis I'll warrant you.—Don't I tell you he is married; ſo there is an end of him, as to any good purpoſe, as it is, alas! to all us poor fettered ſouls.—You may rave if you pleaſe, I will do what I like for all that; I muſt have my own way, it is what I have been accuſtomed to, you know, ſo there is no help for it.—But come, to ſatisfy you, I will try to be a little more particular, now I have ſcrued up your curioſity to the higheſt pitch; I love circumlocution;—a cramp word this.—But now to the purpoſe.—I went laſt night to pay a viſit to lady Worthy; you deſired me, you know, to preſent your reſpects, and ſo forth. We were ſitting very ſociably chatting about our fair friend, when incomes—nay no emotions, my dear,--only a ſervant.—A gentleman is below, madam.—Who? ſaid lady Worthy.—I don't know, anſwered he; a ſtranger I never ſaw before, he begs to ſee your ladyſhip.—Deſire him to walk up, was her order;—and in a few minutes in comes a gentleman;—but ſuch a man!—O heavens! ſuch a face, and an air, and a grace!—Beverly does not deſerve to be named in the ſame century with him;—ſo elegant, ſo polite, ſo handſome, ſo degagè—ſo—ſo—ſo every thing, that I,—forgetting I was married

(a ſad

(a bad baulk to my coquetry this ſaid matrimony) began to ſet my cap at him, as the ſaying is; but he ſtupidly enough overlooked me in his eagerneſs to pay his reſpects to lady Worthy. There was—And how are you, Sir? and, How is your ladyſhip? and, How is the marchioneſs? This laſt queſtion aſked with a kind of heſitation; for the man was in deep mourning, my dear. She is very well, was the anſwer. This dreſs, madam, looking at his cloaths with a ſort of pleaſure, are wore on a leſs regretted occaſion than her death would have been; they are the emblems of my freedom from an unhappy engagement.—Now what think you was his next enquiry?—Is the charming Miſs Danby, if I may ſtill call her by that name;—and his lips trembled while he ſpoke, unable to proceed.—Lady Worthy kindly ſaved him the trouble, by telling him that you were well, when ſhe laſt heard from you, and now in the country with Mrs. Beverly, and had not yet been prevailed on to change your name.—"Thank heaven," cried he with rapture, "then I may hope to be the happieſt of men.—"Ah! lady Worthy," continued he, ſeizing the old lady's hand, (which he preſſed as fervently as if he had miſtaken it for yours) "you have "given me new life. I was miſerable with ap-"prehenſions that my liberty was too late reſtor-"ed; but now I dare avow a paſſion that no ob-"ſtacles could conquer.—If my heart and for-"tune are deemed worthy her acceptance, I ſhall "be amply rewarded for all the miſery I have

"ſuffered.—Forgive me, madam," turning to me; "upon ſuch an occaſion you will, I hope, "have goodneſs enough to excuſe the tranſports "of a lover!—I am ſure you will, if you know "the charming object that excites them."—"I "do," ſaid I; "and to know her is to admire "and eſteem her. You would therefore, in my "opinion, have far more reaſon to aſk pardon, "if you could talk or think of her with indif-"ference.—I have the honour to be her moſt "intimate friend, and have ever looked upon "her as the moſt perfect of her ſex."

I thought the marquis would have kiſſed me for the ſpeech.—He abſolutely ran to me with open arms,—but checked himſelf, and only put my hand to his lips, then talked himſelf out of breath in your praiſe; and laſtly beſought my intereſt in his favour.—O! thought I, friend, if you knew your fair miſtreſs as well as I do, you would have little reaſon to doubt the ſucceſs of your cauſe; but mum for that. I gravely told him he might depend on every thing in my power to ſerve him.—You cannot think how gracefully he thanked me.—Upon my word he is an amazingly pretty fellow, and has a kind of impetuoſity, I believe I muſt call it, in his manner, eſpecially when he talks of you, that ſhews he has fire and ſenſibility.—I believe what Beverly once ſaid was not without foundation, that we are not fond of your ſedate, reaſonable lovers. Yet Bevill.—but none of your remarks, my dear,

he

he is a good-kind of a man, and my ſpouſe you know.

I was pleaſed to find your marquis had ſo little of the foreigner in him, as to his perſon I mean. Their manners are generally well enough: —but he is a perfect Engliſhman, poliſhed by travelling, and ſpeaks the language too very fluently. But that is not ſo much to be wondered at, as he has been here before, and took, as he tells me, a great deal of pains to learn it; —and if I am not much miſtaken, he has a quick apprehenſion, and a genius that would make any ſtudy eaſy to him.—I do not wonder that you admire him; he is quite the thing, has a perfect knowledge of the world, and is more agreeably lively than any man I ever converſed with.—You have reaſon to triumph in ſuch a conqueſt.

But then poor colonel Manly! what ſhall we do with him?—After all, I think he ought to be the man.—Do you really think ſo? you gravely aſk.—Ah! my dear, I can only repeat—Poor colonel Manly.—That miſs what do you call her, do you think it could be brought about? I am fond of making matches, willing to be kept in countenance.—But that will never do, I fear; ſo he muſt e'en bind his brow with mournful willows: an ungrateful ornament!

But about this ſame marquis; he is in ſuch a violent hurry to ſee you, and uſes ſuch perſuaſive

ſuaſive arguments to prevail on lady Worthy and me to accompany him in his expedition, that I am half perſwaded to conſent to his requeſt. I ſhould like, methinks, to ſee your meeting:—there will be ſuch pretty flutterings, bluſhing, and all that.—But what muſt I do with my little Billy, and his papa? I poſitively cannot go without the firſt, and the other pleads hard to be of the joyful party.—Well, I think we will e'en come, *en famille*; your houſe is large enough:—ſo on Friday (oh what a day will that be to you!) aſſemble all your airs and graces,—and expect a ſet of gueſts, that will, I am ſure, be welcome. Till then adieu, my deareſt Indiana.

I am going to write to Fanny, who, I know, will be charmed with the happy news, but not more than is your

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER XLIX.

To Miſs FANNY FREEMORE.

Grove.

I Willingly obey you, my dear ſiſter, and will give you as many particulars of what paſſes in this joyful family as my time, of which I have but little to ſpare, will permit.—It is impoſſible to

to deſcribe the meeting between the marquis and our friend, ſince I can give you no idea of the unutterable tenderneſs that appeared in all his looks and actions.—During our journey he talk'd of nothing but her; and when we got within ſight of the Grove, his whole countenance was agitated with eager impatience.—But when he ſaw his fair miſtreſs more than uſually lovely, his voice faultered, and, without being able to utter one diſtinct ſentence, he caſt himſelf at her feet, and for ſome moments gazed at her in ſpeechleſs ecſtacy. She raiſed him with a baſhful tenderneſs, and welcomed him to England.—He took her hand, and with his lips imprinted his thanks on it, and ſighed out a few incoherent words: which yet were not void of elegance.—Mrs. Beverly's eyes ſparkled with pleaſure; to whom, when his tranſports were a little abated, he paid his reſpects with his uſual politeneſs; then taking his ſeat by Indiana, joined in converſation, with a vivacity that ſpoke his happineſs. I ingroſſed it as much as poſſible, in order to divert his too great attention from his miſtreſs, and to give her time to recover from the flutter and emotion this interview had cauſed.—With what envyable tranſports did ſhe liſten to the marquis! She durſt feaſt her ſenſe of hearing, though not her eyes; theſe ſhe hardly raiſed, for fear of meeting his; yet I could obſerve a ſtolen glance now and then.—The dear creature, how I rejoice at her felicity!—As ſoon as ſhe could

meet

meet with a favourable opportunity ſhe retired, and whiſpered me to follow her.—

When we were alone ſhe gave vent to the fullneſs of her heart, and freely acknowledged her happineſs. I congratulated her on it, and renewed my praiſes of the marquis.—This was to her a delightful ſubject; but I ſoon after changed it for one leſs agreeable, by aſking what was become of colonel Manly. "Alas! my dear Clara," ſaid ſhe "why would you damp my joy "by that cruel queſtion? The thoughts of that "amiable man is now my only affliction. I fear "he is very unhappy. Cautious as I was of re-"vealing the unexpected news of the marquis's "arrival in England, he was dreadfully affected, "yet generouſly ſtruggled to hide his concern, "but it was too viſible, and gave me infinite pain. "—He yeſterday morning very early, as I am "informed, left the houſe without taking leave "of me, but he had it ſeems mentioned his de-"ſign to Mrs. Beverly the evening before."

I am interrupted, my dear Fanny, but will reſume my pen the firſt opportunity.

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

LET-

LETTER L.

To Miſs FANNY FREEMORE.

I Have left the marquis with his fair miſtreſs, entertaining her very agreeably, no doubt.—Every thing goes on ſwimmingly. We talked of the marchioneſs this morning.—She is to come over, it ſeems, if her ſon's propoſals are accepted; ſhe would have accompanied him, had ſhe been certain that Indiana, which ſhe much doubted, was ſtill ſingle; but the marquis was to give her the moſt early intelligence. You may believe he has already wrote, and is not a little impatient for her arrival, which is the only delay to his happineſs. He even ventures to hint, that an event ſo much deſired by her may as well take place whether ſhe is here or not.—But Indiana checked his impatience, by declaring her reſolution to defer it till ſhe comes.—Yet ſome of us are of his party: I in particular.—I tell her, I never knew any good come of unneceſſary delays; nobody can anſwer for the future; the preſent only is in our power—Very true, ſhe ſays; but in an affair of that nature people ought not to be too precipitate; but perhaps I had Beverly in my head, and feared the marquis might follow his example; yet if he ſhould, better change before

before than after. She could not help it; ſhe ſhould certainly put his conſtancy to the tryal by that ſhort probation; nor was ſhe under any violent apprehenſions of the conſequence.--Yet I think ſhe is a little capricious in this; for what reaſon is there for deferring it? the marchioneſs being, as her ſon ſays, equally impatient for the alliance, and then the man ſo every way worthy. —Upon my word, Fanny, he every day makes a greater progreſs in mine; and indeed in every one's eſteem.

You cannot think how pleaſed he is with your little nephew: he has quite gained my heart by the notice he takes of him. I like to ſee people fond of children; it ſhews a gentle, tender nature; I am ſure he would make a good father.— Some men are ſo ſtupidly aukward when they condeſcend to play with the little creatures, they put me out of all patience. It requires a particular genius, I can tell you, to do it gracefully.—

The marquis does every thing with eaſe, and excels in ſome trifling points that are too little regarded. There is ſuch an unaffected freedom in his manner, that he is, I think, the beſt bred man I ever met with. On ſubjects that require it, he acts with dignity; yet none can condeſcend with a better grace to things of leſs importance.—

Here comes my friend.—What a ſerenity in her charming countenance! how changed from that

that gloom that lately overſpread it!— "Wri-
"ting, my dear Mrs. Bevill!" ſaid ſhe. "Yes,"
anſwered I, "and on a ſubject that I am ſure
"will pleaſe you. Read, read, but don't be
"jealous: you will ſee I am half in love with
"your ſwain."—She looked at my letter, ſmil-
ed, and, bluſhing, thanked me for my approba-
tion of him. "It gives a ſanction to my regard,"
ſaid ſhe.— "Well, but," pointing to that part
of my letter that talked about an early day,
"what think you of that?" "Huſh," cried ſhe,
"if you love me; not a word more on that ſub-
"ject for this month at leaſt."— "Fy, my
"dear," ſaid I, "this is a little piece of affecta-
"tion; I won't forgive you, if you indulge your-
"ſelf in it."—"Affectation, Clara! What a
"harſh conſtruction do you put on what I ra-
"ther think"—"Delicacy, I will warrant you!"
interrupted I; "but it will not paſs for ſuch with
"me. I tell you, the ſooner the affair is con-
"cluded the better. Why ſhould you make
"any unneceſſary parade about what you intend
"to do ſome time or other?"— "But why all
"this violent hurry, my dear," ſaid ſhe. "I muſt
"be mighty compliant indeed, to alter the reſo-
"lution I have made of waiting for the marchio-
"neſs. I ſhould be very angry with the mar-
"quis, were he to oppoſe my will, in a determi-
"nation that I think ſo reaſonable."—"Very
"likely, Indiana; but it may be an age before
"ſhe arrives: contrary winds, bad roads, ſick-
"neſs, a thouſand things may detain her. You

"may

" may exercise your lover's patience, I have no " objections to that; but mine, I can tell you, " will soon be exhausted.—If I had no family to " look after, indeed I might humour you; but " if you wish me to be present at the ceremony, " you must be a little quicker in your motions." —" O my matrimonized notable friend," cried she, laughing, " what maternal reasons do you " give!—Your family; dear Clara, excuse my " mirth, but such gravity from you is really di- " verting.—You forget, child, that your good " mamma will amply supply your place; so that " argument has no weight."

Just then the marquis looked in upon us, and asked if he might be admitted. " By all means," said I; " you come in good time to help me out " in a just cause, but which I have managed a " little unskilfully."—Indiana winked at me, with a " Fy, Mrs. Bevill, do not be silly."—" O! " for heaven's sake proceed, dear madam," cried he eagerly.—" Excuse me, dear charmer," taking her hand, " that I press for what you " seem to oppose; but my curiosity is greatly " raised: you have, I fear, been defending the " wrong side of an argument, that you are so " averse to prosecute it."—" No, Sir" said she, " I only decline engaging further, now she will " have so powerful a second."—" That is com- " fort for you, marquis," said I; " I see she will " be forced to yield. Shall I explain, Indiana?" continued I with a significant archness.—She was vexed,

vexed, and looked a little grave. — "Come," cried he, ſmiling, "am I to be let into the ſe-"cret? You talked of comfort; pray adminiſter "it." — "Well, I think I will," ſaid I. "We "were talking of——of, I proteſt I have forgot "what — of Paris, I believe. Was it not, Indi-"ana?"— "How fond you ladies are of my-"ſtery," ſaid the marquis: "but come, ſince "you won't tell me, give me leave to gueſs "at what was really the ſubject that my com-"ing interrupted." — "No," cried Indiana, "I "was tired of it, and do not wiſh to have it re-"newed."—"Well, but dear creature," ſaid he, "is it not cruel to raiſe my curioſity, and "then refuſe to ſatisfy it?" "Blame Mrs. Be-"vill for that," anſwered ſhe.—"I do," ſaid he, "and muſt inſiſt on her making me amends.— "Come, madam, be generous, and explain."— "Well then," ſaid I, "you may be angry, if "you pleaſe, my dear, but I muſt ſpeak.—I was "endeavouring to perſuade"—"Pray, Clara," cried ſhe, putting her hand on my mouth, "how "can you do ſo?"—The marquis took the other, and tenderly preſſing it between his, "Enough, "dear madam," ſaid he, looking at me; "theſe "hints are ſufficient, I gueſs the reſt; a thou-"ſand thanks for your goodneſs.—O my India-"na, let me ſecond the dear requeſt. Let me "ſue for"—"No, I beg you would not," ſaid ſhe, interrupting him; "permit me to adhere to my "firſt reſolution; I think it right; it cannot be "long before we ſhall have the company of the

"marchioneſs.

" marchioneſs. If you would not have me give " my hand with reluctance, wait for her pre- " ſence, when I own,—yes, Sir, I frankly own, " I ſhall yield it with pleaſure."—A modeſt bluſh accompanied theſe words, which the delighted marquis immediately hid, by preſſing her to his breaſt.—I ſaw I might give up the cauſe, ſince it was viſible he had no will but hers; ſo I left the lovers to ſettle it as they thought proper, and reſumed my pen.—

And now, Fanny, in order to give you a better idea of this ſaid marquis, who, as he is a foreigner, you may perhaps not do juſtice to, I will attempt an imperfect deſcription of him.—In the firſt place he is tall, and ſlender, of an inſinuating addreſs, elegantly made, his face rather long than round; his complexion more than uſually delicate, owing to his late indiſpoſition: his forehead I know little of, though I will anſwer for its being handſome, but his hair is combed pretty low over it, which I think looks negligent and clever; his noſe is aquiline; his eyes large, black, and languiſhing; dark eye-brows; and long dark eye-laſhes; a dimple in his cheek, and a pretty little one at the corner of his mouth, when he ſmiles: his mouth!--O, my dear, ſuch a mouth! the very ſeat of loves and graces, as a poet would ſay; but I will tell you in plain proſe, that it is very handſome, though rather wide; but that I think an advantage, as it the better ſhows the fineſt teeth in the world; his hair is dark brown,

and

and in great quantity.—Only imagine a figure like this, dreſſed in mourning, which I think the moſt becoming in the world for a man.

But what am I doing! perhaps leading you into temptation.—And have not you renounced the male creatures?—

I will not write again till the marchioneſs arrives, as I ſhall have nothing new to entertain you with.—Scenes of courtſhip will, I ſuppoſe, be but little reliſhed by you, who have for ever bid adieu to love, with all its ſoft follies.—Farewell then, my dear ſiſter; believe me

Your affectionate

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER LI.

To Miſs FANNY FREEMORE.

THE marchioneſs is come.—Oh! heaven, to overwhelm us all in affliction! Poor Indiana!—but take the painful particulars.—The marquis and ſhe,—unfortunate pair,—left us this morning to take an airing on horſeback, which they frequently do.—I was at work when a chaiſe, attended by a numerous retinue, drove into the court-yard.—Down went my work, gueſſing who it was, and away I ran into the hall to meet

meet her. A woman of a graceful appearance ſtept out of the carriage.—I paid my compliments, and led her into a parlour.—"Where," ſaid ſhe, after the firſt ceremonies were over, "where is my dear Indiana? how impatient am "I to embrace her!" Mrs. Beverly entered while ſhe ſpoke, and eagerly ran to ſalute her.—The marchioneſs ſtarted back.—"Good heavens!" cried ſhe, "is it poſſible for two perſons to have "ſo great a reſemblance? Excuſe me, madam," added ſhe, "this involuntary emotion; but you "are the very image of a dear ſiſter, for whom I "have ever had the warmeſt friendſhip, and to "whom I owe obligations that can never be re-"paid." While ſhe ſpoke, Mrs. Beverly continued looking at her with great attention; "I "am equally ſurpriſed," ſaid that lady; "and "but that I believe ſhe is long ſince dead, I "ſhould have no doubt but that you are Mrs. "Hamilton.—O heavens!" cried the marchioneſs, "what do I hear? it muſt be ſo; that was "once indeed my name; and yours, if I miſtake "not, was—Lenox." "Before I was married," ſaid Mrs. Beverly. "It is," exclaimed the marchioneſs, flinging her arms round her neck, "it "is my ſiſter! O what an unexpected happineſs! "Do I indeed embrace once more my long loſt "friend!"—She was proceeding, when Mrs. Beverly uttered a deep ſigh, and fainted; I ran to her aſſiſtance, though half dead myſelf at the dreadful diſcovery.—"I was too haſty," ſaid the marchioneſs, (little dreaming what was the principal

cipal cauſe of her emotion;) but ſhe recovered. "My dear ſiſter," added ſhe, "ſpeak to me, and "liſten to my tranſports on this joyful unexpect-"ed meeting. O what an addition is it to my "happineſs to find my friend, as well as to look "forward to a daughter, who has, even when I "could have no hopes of calling her by that en-"dearing name, been the delight of my heart? "—But where is ſhe? Why comes ſhe not to "ſhare in my joy? my ſon too!" "Alas!" ſaid Mrs. Beverly, "they will come but too ſoon "for their peace."—"How!" cried the marchioneſs, with ſurpriſe; "does ſhe then refuſe: "—for heaven's ſake explain the myſtery of "theſe words:—what can they mean? Too "ſoon for their peace? I cannot underſtand "you."—"Compoſe yourſelf," ſaid Mrs. Beverly, "and prepare to hear what will, indeed, "amaze you. You had a daughter—" "A "daughter!" repeated the marchioneſs wildly; "but proceed, and put me out of pain."—"That daughter," reſumed Mrs. Beverly, "was left to my care; you may remember too, "that I wrote you in a twelvemonth after that "ſhe was dead."—"You did ſo," ſaid the marchioneſs; but what of that?"—"Have patience," ſaid Mrs. Beverly, "do not interrupt me; I will "be as brief as poſſible; ſome other time I will "tell you all the particulars; at preſent only I "muſt aſſure you that ſhe ſtill lives. My God!" cried the marchioneſs, lifting her hands and her eyes to heaven, "what do I hear? "is

" is it poſſible?" — " Indeed it is," anſwered Mrs. Beverly, " and what is ſtill more ſurpri-" ſing, Indiana is that daughter."—" Indiana!" exclaimed the marchioneſs, ſinking back in her chair.—" Oh my ſon! my unfortunate ſon!"—She could add no more, a flood of tears choaked her voice. Mrs. Beverly too was ſilent; her eyes, as well as mine, ſpoke our ſympathy.—A mournful pauſe of ſome minutes enſued; what a different ſcene from that expected on this lady's arrival!

At laſt Mrs. Beverly reſumed the ſad ſubject, by aſking how the report of her death came to be ſpread, and why ſhe never had, during ſo many years, wrote to her. " Oh, why indeed!" ſaid the marchioneſs. " How ſeverely am I pu-" niſhed for the wilful omiſſion. Alas! my dear " child, my beloved daughter, whoſe ſuppoſed " death I have ſo often lamented, do I then " grieve to find you again!—but to find you " thus, better for all our ſakes it had been true. " For how will you, how will my ſon learn, af-" ter a paſſion ſo deeply rooted, to ſubmit to the " cooler ties of nature!"—" I know not, my " ſiſter," added ſhe, " how I came to be thought " dead; but I ſuppoſe it was the death of Mr. " Hamilton, that dear ſource of all my ſorrow, " that cauſed the miſtake; he left me in very " unhappy circumſtances; his and the loſs of my " daughter, added to the unkind treatment I " had received from an inexorable parent, deter-

" mined

"mined me never to ſee nor have any con-
"nection with my native country. My friend-
"ſhip for you, indeed, was not diminiſhed, but
"I rather ſtrove to conquer than encourage
"any attachments to a place, the thoughts of
"which only recalled my ſorrow. I therefore
"forbore writing, wiſhing too forget, and be
"forgotten, as I was, I thought, too ſeverely
"puniſhed for my crime. This was the cauſe
"of that ſilence you ſo juſtly complain of.—

"In the midſt of diſtreſs and miſery, provi-
"dence raiſed me up a friend in the Marquis de
"Gramont, he propoſed marriage, an offer too
"advantageous in my then unhappy circumſtan-
"ces to be rejected; even though the difference
"of religion, and the recent death of my huſ-
"band, would at another time have been ſuffi-
"cient cauſes for my refuſal; but his death left
"me at liberty to educate my only ſon, the pre-
"ſent marquis, in the proteſtant perſuaſion.
"Theſe," continued the afflicted marchioneſs,
"are ſome of the out-lines of my unhappy hiſtory
"ſince I ſaw you.—Heavens! muſt I never,
"though it appeared ſo near, taſte of felicity?—
"and my amiable ſon too, unfortunate in his
"firſt marriage, but far more miſerable—"

She was proceeding, when we ſaw the mar-
quis and Indiana alight at the gate;—the ſervant
that took their horſes had doubtleſs informed
them who was come, for they almoſt flew into

the room where we were.—When the marchioneſs ſaw them coming, ſhe haſtily dried her eyes, crying, "Good heavens, give me fortitude to "bear the approaching ſcene!"—Hardly had ſhe ſpoke when Indiana with extended arms ran to embrace her. O how lovely did ſhe look! the air had given an additional bloom to her complexion, and her riding dreſs ſhow'd her delicate form to the greateſt advantage.—The marquis too! never was there a more charming pair, they ſeemed formed for each other; but alas! it was otherwiſe decreed. With what becoming reſpectful tenderneſs did he welcome his long, his eagerly expected parent! while that fond mother ſhed tears of mingled grief and joy over her amiable children!—What a moving ſcene! How did the rapturous joy of the marquis, and the more reſerved, but equally ſincere pleaſure of Indiana, in the belief that now all obſtacles to their union were removed, wound my heart!—I wiſhed myſelf a thouſand miles off, dreading what was to follow.—When their firſt emotions were a little ſubſided, they had leiſure to remark the ſadneſs (ſo unſuitable to the occaſion) that in ſpite of our endeavours appeared on our countenances.—The marquis eagerly aſked the cauſe. His mother, leaving Mrs. Beverly to make the beſt anſwer ſhe could, drew me aſide, and conjured me to take upon me the painful taſk of breaking the affair to Indiana.--"You are her friend," ſaid ſhe, "and will, I know, do it with that "caution and delicacy that ſo important a diſco-

"very

" very demands.—For me," added ſhe, " hea-
" ven knows I ſhall find it but too arduous an
" undertaking to tell my ſon his miſery.——
" What a requeſt! how painful to be granted!
" Yet how could I refuſe? though my heart di-
" ed within me at the thought; but I promiſed,
" and was forced to fulfil it."—I therefore whiſ-
pered Indiana, that I wiſhed to have a little talk
with her in private, and begged ſhe would accom-
pany me to the garden.—An anxious kind of
fear ſpread itſelf over her countenance at this re-
queſt, amazed, no doubt, at it, as well as our
behaviour. With trembling ſteps ſhe followed,
pale, and ſo agitated that ſhe could ſcarce ſupport
herſelf.—I took her under the arm to aſſiſt her
in walking, which we did without ſpeaking, till
we got to an arbour at ſome diſtance from the
houſe, where we took our ſeats. Then Indiana
firſt broke ſilence, faultering, and as if gaſping
for breath; " Now ſpeak," ſaid ſhe; " tell me
" this dreadful ſomething, that you have to com-
" municate;—dreadful I am ſure it is by your
" looks. But be kind, my Clara, and do not kill
" me with ſuſpence; let me know the worſt, and
" do not, with a well meant cruelty, defer it with
" needleſs precaution. To know the worſt will
" be better than this racking uncertainty."—I
ſighed deeply, unable to begin the ſad ſubject.—
" O heaven!" exclaimed ſhe wildly, " what
" can it be? Speak, ſpeak, while I have life to
" hear you." " Then arm yourſelf with forti-
" tude; and may my lovely friend," added I,

claſping my arms round her neck, "be endued "with reſignation to bear her diſappointment!" She preſſed her cold cheek to mine; "Now "then," ſaid ſhe, "I am prepared;—tell me "all, it cannot be worſe than I imagine." How ſhe trembled! I wiped my eyes, and once or twice opened my lips, but knew not how to begin, what to ſay firſt.—But at laſt collecting all my reſolution, I ſtammered out "The marquis "is—" "What?" cried ſhe, raiſing her voice; "Oh what of the marquis?"—"Alas! my "dear," reſumed I, "the marchioneſs is your "mother."—She uttered a loud ſcream, and fell ſenſeleſs into my arms. I called for help, ran from her, then back again, not knowing what I did, till ſhe began to recover and opened her eyes. —"Where am I?" ſaid ſhe. Then claſping her hands with a wild air,—"My mother!" cried ſhe in a raiſed voice, and haſtily aroſe. "Let us go," ſaid ſhe; "take me, lead me to "my parent; let me hide my guilty head in her "boſom. Inceſt! good heavens! horrible to "think of!" I ſtopped, and endeavoured to ſooth her, terrified at the diſtraction that appeared in her looks.—She gazed at me ſome time in ſilence; then burſting into tears, flung her arms round my neck, and ſobbed as if her heart would break. This a little relieved her.—"A bro-"ther!" ſaid ſhe, after a pauſe; "O how ſhall "I——But let us go," added ſhe; "let me re-"ceive the bleſſing of a parent, to calm my un-"ſpeakable grief. Pity me, Clara; oh! pity,

"and

"and do not too ſeverely condemn this guilty "weakneſs."— "Pity you! my friend! my "Indiana!" ſaid I; "O what a needleſs requeſt, "did you know what I now feel!"—"I believe "it," ſaid ſhe, "thou ſiſter of my heart. But "leave me a while; let me try to collect my "ſcattered ſenſes; let me prepare to ſee this too "late found parent. Oh! had I but known her "ſooner as ſuch!—But thy will be done," added ſhe, raiſing her eyes, only do thou teach me reſignation to bear your decrees as I ought." She continued ſilent, her hands locked in each other. Then addreſſing herſelf to me again with looks of more compoſure; Go in, my friend," ſaid ſhe, "I wou'd be alone a while, but will fol- "low you when I am more fit to appear."

I once more embraced her, and went to join the marchioneſs, whom I doubted not to find in great affliction; ſhe and Mrs. Beverly were ſitting together bathed in tears. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, ſhe aroſe and took my hand. "Is it "over?" ſaid ſhe, "how is my child? Oh how "did ſhe bear the cruel news?"—"Like her- "ſelf," anſwered I, "with becoming fortitude; "ſhe will be with you preſently."—"Thank "heaven," ſaid this afflicted mother, "let me "but once more ſee my children reſtored to "peace, and I ſhall die ſatisfied." She ſat down and hid her face with her handkerchief. I turned to Mrs. Beverly, and in a low voice aſked after the marquis.—She ſhook her head.—"Ter-

"rible," ſaid ſhe; "he will never, I fear, get "the better of it; he was almoſt frantic. I dread "the conſequence, he is gone to his apartment. "I am apprehenſive for his health, and really "think his ſenſes are in danger.—But huſh; "not a word more about him before the mar-"chioneſs, or our friend."

I took my ſeat, and a mournful ſilence enſued, only interrupted by our frequent ſighs.—In leſs than a quarter of an hour the door opened, and the diſconſolate Indiana, pale as death, her eyes ſwelled with weeping, came in. I ſtarted at the ſight of her; ſhe ran to the marchioneſs, and, falling on her knees, flung her arms round her; "Bleſs," ſaid ſhe in a faultering voice, "bleſs "your too late found unhappy daughter." The marchioneſs raiſed, and preſſed her to her breaſt with ſpeechleſs tenderneſs. "Forgive," reſumed Indiana, "the unvoluntary crime of your "child, whoſe future life ſhall be ſpent in en-"deavouring to make herſelf more worthy of "that name.—Heaven" (continued ſhe, raiſing her ſtreaming eyes) "will, I hope, accept of "my ſincere penitence. I dedicate my future "days to repentance, for the follies of a heart "that has been but too long eſtranged from it "by unhallowed love.—Yes, I confeſs my "mind has till now been earthly, and prone to "folly;—but now," ſaid ſhe, ſtill looking up, "now do thou purify it, that it ſhall from hence-"forth be wholly thine."—Then again embracing her mother, "Pardon me, madam," ſaid ſhe,

ſhe, "for thus affecting you; I cannot all at "once conquer nature;——but I will try. Per- "mit me now to retire." "My friends," added ſhe, turning to Mrs. Beverly and me, "com- "fort this dear parent." So ſaying ſhe left the room, none of us being able to ſpeak for our emotions. The marchioneſs flung herſelf into a chair; we were forced to hold our ſalts to her, to prevent her fainting. I ſtayed till ſhe was a little recovered;—then went to the melancholy taſk of writing the particulars of this ſad event to my Fanny. How ſeverely will it affect you! what would I give to have Mr. Bevill here! Why did I let him go to town? But who could have thought, in the midſt of ſuch happy proſpects, I ſhould have ſtood in ſuch need of conſolation?—Adieu, my dear ſiſter, happy are you in a peaceful retirement; long may your felicity continue, is the prayer of your

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER LII.

To Miſs FANNY FREEMORE.

NEITHER Indiana nor the marquis attended the breakfaſt this morning, which was paſſed in ſilence.--The marchioneſs, fatigued with her long journey, and oppreſſed with care that will not allow her to take proper reſt, is ill; we were adviſing her to lie down, when a ſervant brought a letter from the marquis.—

"Read it," ſaid ſhe to me, "for I feel it will "be impoſſible for me to do it."—I made no anſwer, but obeyed. This was the contents.

To the Marchioneſs of GRAMONT.

Oppreſſed with miſery, almoſt too great for human nature to ſupport, I fly from your preſence; from this houſe, once a ſcene of joy, and from all that my ſoul holds dear on earth.—Would I could likewiſe fly from myſelf; for alas! I carry my torment with me:—but as that is impoſſible, let me at leaſt deliver you from an object who ſeems born only to ſuffer, and give pain.—Ah! muſt I then never more behold the idol of my affections?—Siſter!—good heavens! how can I reconcile my ſtruggling heart to that cold, that chilling name, after ſo long indulging a paſſion that cannot end but with my being! She twines round my heart-ſtrings till they break, her image cannot be ſeparated from it.—Honour, religion, in vain condemns the crime.—I cannot, O! I cannot maſter my unruly paſſion. Why am I forced to drag on this hateful life? nay, to what purpoſe, ſince every hour I live will but add to my guilt?—I feel it is impoſſible to repent, for even now my breaſt glows with its long accuſtomed fondneſs.—I cannot ceaſe to love her. My Indiana, my intended bride!—Ah! why is my bliſs delayed?—Alas! I rave. Siſter!—let me repeat that dreadful name. Oh! it freezes my blood: I tremble while I repeat.—Pity me,

Indiana;

Indiana; life of my life, why do you not come to my relief. O ſooth me with thy gentleneſs, ſpeak to me, calm my raging paſſions;—adminiſter thy ſoftneſs, and heal the torture you have innocently been the cauſe of.—O! no, no, let me not ſee her;—hide her beauty from my ſight, I cannot bear it.—I know not what I write, my brain is on fire.—Let me fly from this fatal place while I have power. Yes, I will baniſh myſelf from my Indiana, from this too lovely ſiſter. May ſhe be happy! but let her not—I am going to rave again.—If ever my reaſon returns, you ſhall ſee me; but till then, forget there is ſuch a wretch as the

Marquis de GRAMONT.

The marchioneſs ſhed a deal of tears while I read this letter. "O my ſon!" cried ſhe, when I had finiſhed, "what can I do for you? Heaven "give me patience! this is too much, too much "to bear."——Mrs. Beverly and I endeavoured to conſole her, but with little effect.—She gave little attention to what was ſaid, and in a few minutes left the room.—I ſoon after followed her example, in order to ſeek Indiana.—As I was croſſing the hall, I met the marquis; I ſtarted, and was ready to faint; he had his handkerchief at his eyes, took my hand as he haſtily paſſed me, but could not ſpeak.—I was forced to ſit down, looked after him, and ſaw him mount his horſe;—he was out of ſight in an inſtant.—O Fanny, what miſery is here! I am half dead.—Adieu.

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER LIII.

To Miſs FANNY FREEMORE.

I Delayed writing thus long, in hopes of having more agreeable intelligence to ſend you, —but in vain.

Colonel Manly has been here this morning; —he has had a private conference with Mrs. Beverly. He looked in upon me as I ſat alone in the parlour, hardly ſtaying a moment, leſt our friend ſhould ſee him.—I find his hopes begin to revive again.—He beſought my intereſt with Indiana, when I thought I might venture to touch upon the ſubject of his love.—I promiſed to ſerve him to the utmoſt of my power; but I fear that will not extend very far, with regard to his ſuit; for though it is now a month ſince the unhappy diſcovery, our poor friend's grief, though more calm, is not diminiſhed: nay, this very calmneſs makes me dread that it will be the more laſting.—She never mentions the marquis, nor have we heard of him ſince he left us.—Her devotions take up moſt of the time ſhe can ſpare from attending the marchioneſs, who can hardly ſuffer her out of her ſight a moment; ſo much has her amiable qualities endeared her to that fond parent.—She is much altered: no wonder, her grief, though concealed, preys upon her ſpirits.—She partakes of no amuſement, but is conſtantly

conſtantly employed at her needle when with us. —We have not yet been able to perſuade her to ſee any company that comes to the houſe: on theſe occaſions, ſhe always retires to her apartment. She ſpeaks little, but liſtens with obliging attention when we are diſcourſing.——

I wonder how ſhe lives, for ſhe eats ſcarcely any thing.—I took upon me to chide her for it, told her it would endanger her health, and ſhe would not ſure continue to commit deliberate ſin.—"No, my friend," ſaid ſhe, "heaven for-"bid! for am I not already but too guilty, "though I know not particularly what is my "offence? yet, ſurely, if I was innocent, I ſhould "not be thus marked out for puniſhment and "miſery.—In this belief I ſubmit to penance; "and is that, think you, a proper ſeaſon for in-"dulging one's ſelf in ſuperfluities?—No, my "dear, never from henceforth ſhall your friend "ſeek for more than the common neceſſaries of "life. I bid adieu to the pleaſures of ſenſe. "Too long have I ſought for earthly happineſs, "heaven knows with what ſucceſs," continued ſhe, a tear ſtarting into her eye; "it is time "experience ſhould make me wiſe. I hope it "has, ſince I truſt my afflictions are ſanctified. "My ſtate of probation will have an end; and "then—But I ſee I make you grave, forgive me. "Why ſhould I diſturb the tranquillity of others? "Alas! I have been unhappy in that; yet you "love me ſtill, my Clara." How affecting is every

every thing she does or says! how are her days clouded! what a weight of woe hangs upon her heart! O that time may restore her peace!—I cannot, though my stay is a little inconvenient, prevail on myself to leave her till I see a change in her disposition.—Could we prevail on her to accept of the worthy colonel Manly, whose constant persevering love certainly merits a return, all might yet be well.—But I fear such an event will never take place; though from the character we have given the marchioness of him, she is warmly interested in his favour. Adieu, Fanny, I must go down to some company: how unseasonable is their visit? The marchioness begs me always to be present on those occasions, though amongst us all, we have hardly spirits enough to furnish out a conversation for our guests. Farewell, dear sister, believe me ever yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER LIV.

To Miss FANNY FREEMORE.

I Take up my pen for a few moments, only to tell you that the colonel has been introduced to the marchioness; where he pleaded his cause so successfully, that she has promised to persuade Indiana to see him; only as a friend, she is to tell her, that she once esteemed, and who is impatient

patient to renew his acquaintance with her.—How ſhe will ſucceed heaven knows; but I am apprehenſive ſhe will never be prevailed on to be preſent when he comes;—but we ſhall ſee. I do not know any thing would give me ſo much pleaſure as to ſee her united to that truly amiable man, who has loved her with ſuch unſhaken conſtancy.—Adieu. I have juſt received a letter from Mr. Bevill, which I muſt anſwer immediately. Believe me ever yours ſincerely.

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER LV.

To the Same.

THE viſit is over, and the colonel was graciouſly received. The marchioneſs found it an eaſier taſk to perſuade her daughter to ſee him than we expected.—She ſpoke highly in his praiſe; ſaid there was nobody ſhe had a greater eſteem for, as ſhe had known many proofs of the goodneſs of his heart.—He did not venture, however, in this his firſt interview, to mention his love: that would have been hurrying things on too precipitately.—It is ſufficient for the preſent, that he has gained her permiſſion to renew his viſits. He muſt lead to that ſubject imperceptibly.——

He ſpoke in raptures to me of the ground he has already gained; nor does he deſpair of the future

future ſucceſs of his paſſion.—He was greatly moved, I could obſerve, when firſt introduced. Her paleneſs, and the melancholy air of her countenance, affected him ſo, that I could ſee a tear ready to eſcape in ſpite of his endeavours. —He could not ſpeak for ſome minutes.—Indiana with a ſmile of complacency held out her hand, and expreſſed her pleaſure at ſeeing him. He preſſed it to his lips; but it was not without faultering, and in a broken voice, that he was able to anſwer her obliging compliment.—She ſpoke more while he ſtayed than I have heard her for ſome time paſt, and appeared rather chearful too.——

The colonel is a great adept in natural philoſophy.—I do not know how the ſubject was introduced; but Indiana ſeemed pleaſed with it, and ſmiling, propoſed to become his ſcholar. "You ſhall teach me," ſaid ſhe, "to admire "the works of nature. I may indulge myſelf "in an amuſement that will at the ſame time be "profitable, and that will teach me more and "more to raiſe my thoughts to that perfect ob- "ject I wiſh to engroſs them all."—Judge if the colonel made any objections to the undertaking this agreeable taſk. He is to be her preceptor: his inſtruments are to be brought here; and we are to have a courſe of lectures and experiments in this branch of philoſophy.—

What a charming intimacy will this create! What opportunities for the ſkillful maſter to vary his

his ſubject, when he ſees a proper opportunity! —This too will, I hope, divert the ſadneſs of our friend, and reconcile her by degrees to matrimony and the world.

We are all in raptures upon the occaſion when we get by ourſelves. But not a hint of this nature before Indiana; that would ſpoil all.—Heaven grant our wiſhes may be accompliſhed! Join your prayers to mine in this behalf.—Adieu, dear Fanny. I am in much better ſpirits than when I wrote laſt. I hope in my next to be ſtill more ſo.—Till then farewell.

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER LVI.

To Miſs FANNY FREEMORE.

WE made ourſelves almoſt ſure of the accompliſhment of our wiſhes; the colonel has been almoſt conſtantly here. Indiana ſeemed every day more fond of his company; they have walked for hours in the Park by themſelves. How happy did this intimacy make us all.—The marchioneſs already looked upon the colonel as her ſon,—and this morning they were cloſeted for an hour; the reſult of which conference was, that he ſhould at laſt venture to renew his ſuit, which he has not yet, it ſeems, dared to mention to his miſtreſs.

This

This afternoon then was pitched upon for the important ſubject. I had intelligence of what was reſolved on; and it was agreed that Mrs. Beverly and I ſhould, on a ſignal from the marchioneſs, leave the lovers alone.—Accordingly, after the deſſert was removed, the marchioneſs gave us a ſignificant look, and aroſe from her ſeat. Mrs. Beverly and I were preparing to follow her. Indiana obſerved this, and riſing with a compoſed air, took the marchioneſs's hand as ſhe was going. "Permit me, madam," ſaid ſhe, "to lead you to your ſeat again; I gueſs "the motives of your intending to leave me "with the colonel; but let me intreat your pre- "ſence, and yours, my friends," turning to Mrs. Beverly and me; "this gentleman can have no- "thing to ſay to me but what will be proper "for you to hear."—We looked, I believe, a little diſconcerted, and reſumed our places;—when Indiana, with a ſolemnity in her manner that promiſed no favourable iſſue to our wiſhes, ſpoke as follows:

"You were going, Sir," ſaid ſhe, looking with complacency at the colonel, "to honour "me once more with the offer of a heart that "I am, alas! and ever have been, from my "unhappy prepoſſeſſions, unworthy of.—Your "merit and unſhaken conſtancy claim my warm- "eſt gratitude: would to heaven it were in my "power to make a ſuitable return!—but that

"is

" is now more than ever denied me.—You wiſh,
" no doubt, to have your love returned with
" equal ſincerity; but ah! Sir, can this exhauſt-
" ed heart again feel that too deſtructive paſſion?
" Is it poſſible, that ſmarting as it does for its
" former weakneſs, it ſhould again be tempted
" to folly?—No," continued ſhe with earneſt-
neſs, claſping her hands and raiſing her eyes to
heaven,—" no; I bid an eternal adieu to a ten-
" derneſs that has plunged me in guilt, and over-
" whelmed me with miſery.—That my heart
" is naturally ſuſceptible of that ſoft paſſion, I
" have but too often experienced;—but from
" henceforth it ſhall be my ſtudy to watch over
" its emotions, and to direct every affection of
" my ſoul to that perfect being from whom it
" has but too long been eſtranged.—Imprudent
" in my firſt choice, and criminal in my laſt,
" plunged into miſery by both, I have been
" taught a ſevere but ſalutary leſſon of wiſdom
" and humility. The chain is broke that bound
" my affections to the ſeducing objects of ſenſe.
" —My mind, grown noble in its purſuits, is
" now enabled to aſpire to glorious and unchange-
" able joys; to a happineſs that alone is worthy
" of a rational and immortal being—Love in-
" toxicates and enervates the ſoul, checks its aſ-
" pirings after wiſdom and virtue. Bent only
" and wholly engroſſed by one object, its powers
" are contracted. This I have but too fatally
" experienced;—for I at leaſt was not born to
" love with moderation.—Do not then, Sir, en-

" deavour

" deavour to ſeduce me from the paths of peace,
" which I have deliberately choſen. Your elo-
" quence, your worth, will plead in vain.—My
" reſolution is fixed; never, never more will
" I know or yield to that deſtructive paſſion. If
" you will accept of my friendſhip, it is yours.
" My heart, though dead to warmer emotions,
" is ſtill open to the calm endearing ties of ſocial
" eſteem. The tenderneſs I feel for my friends,
" amongſt which number I ſhould be happy to
" rank you, is not incompatible with the plan I
" have laid down for my future conduct while
" in this vale of tears, for ſuch it is but too juſtly
" called.—That you may be convinced my re-
" ſolution is unalterable, be pleaſed, Sir, to read
" this paper," (preſenting it to him,) " you will
" there ſee that I have guarded againſt the fickle-
" neſs of nature, by putting it out of my own
" power to alter my conduct."—She was ſilent,
and covered her eyes with her handkerchief,
leaning her head upon her hand.—The colonel
looked for ſome moments at the paper, though
without knowing its contents, wholly loſt in me-
lancholy reflections, his manly countenance vi-
ſibly expreſſing his ſorrow and diſappointment.
The marchioneſs wept, and in a broken voice
begged him to read it to us.—He anſwered not;
but in a faultering accent began as follows.—

" I Indiana Danby, being in my perfect ſenſes,
" but greatly afflicted in mind,—and judging it
" neceſſary towards the reſtoring of my loſt
" peace,

" peace, as well as to prevent my yielding again
" to a weakneſs that has ſeemed diſpleaſing to
" heaven, by the ſevere puniſhment I have ſuf-
" fered,—have determined, thus kneeling with
" all humility before the aweful ſearcher of
" hearts, to enter into a moſt ſolemn vow to
" continue in my virgin ſtate till death, as a
" ſlight atonement for a criminal paſſion, which
" had too long been indulged, to the eſtranging
" of my affections from him, whom I was creat-
" ed to love with all the powers and faculties of
" my ſoul, but in which I had unjuſtly permitted
" an earthly object to uſurp the throne, where
" he only ought to have reigned.—I judge not
" myſelf ſo much at my own diſpoſal as, with-
" out the conſent of the beſt of parents,
" which I have reaſon to believe ſhe would ne-
" ver have granted, to follow my friend to her
" retirement, though that would beſt ſuit my
" inclination.—But the vow I have entered into
" will not be any hindrance to my fulfilling the
" duty I owe her, but rather put it more in my
" power, by being permitted to live conſtantly
" with her, to ſweeten the remainder of her life
" by my conſtant unremitted endeavours to ob-
" lige and pleaſe her —I therefore, apprehend-
" ing no ill conſequence from it, having carefully
" deliberated and fervently prayed for direction,
" —do moſt ſincerely offer and dedicate myſelf
" to heaven, as a willing though unworthy ſa-
" crifice; ſolemnly ſwearing never, on any con-
" ſideration, to change my ſingle ſtate. So help
" me," &c. &c.

When

When the colonel had finiſhed reading this unſurmountable bar to all his hopes, which he could not perform without many breaks and pauſes,—he aroſe, pulled out his handkerchief, and walked to a window to hide his emotions.—Indiana then approached the marchioneſs, and bending her knee, "Forgive me, my beloved "mother," ſaid ſhe, "if I have acted contrary "to your inclinations. The ſtep I have taken "appeared to me abſolutely neceſſary to my "peace.—I would, as my duty required, have "conſulted you before it was executed, but I "feared your miſtaken fondneſs would have op-"poſed my inclinations.—Tell me now, and "diſſipate my fears of your diſpleaſure, that "you forgive me; and bleſs your child, who "has thus dedicated her future days to heaven "and you."—Forgive you!" cried the marchioneſs, claſping her to her breaſt; "Oh my "daughter, have you, can you ever offend me?" "—Enough," ſaid Indiana, "this kind indul-"gence has completed my joy; my life will now "glide on in a pleaſing ſort of melancholy, that "I would not, in the diſpoſition I am now in, "exchange for the moſt tumultuous pleaſures. "—The fortune which heaven has been pleaſed "to beſtow on me, ſince I ſhall have no family "of my own, ſhall ſupply the want of one to "others; on the needy ſhall my treaſure be "beſtowed; and you, my parent and my "friends," looking at Mrs. Beverly and me, "ſhall be mine."

She

She took our hands, firſt one and then the other, and put them to her lips.—How we wept! —She then went to the colonel, who ſtill ſtood with his back to us, and laying her hand on his arm, "Do not, dear Sir," ſaid ſhe, unkindly "damp the ſerenity I am beginning to experience, "by giving way to a fruitleſs ſorrow. My heart "cannot be at reſt while you are unhappy.— "Will you not accept of my offered friendſhip? "I have no more to give, or you ſhould be the "man on whom I would beſtow it. Do not "then ungratefully refuſe what is in my power: "ſlight not the gift becauſe trifling, ſince they "give the moſt who give their all. Be gene- "rous, and repay me with your eſteem, and "ſeek ſome happier, worthier maid, who can "reward your merit; on her beſtow your heart; "and may"——

She was proceeding when the colonel (who had taken her hand, which he held preſſed to his lips while ſhe was ſpeaking,) interrupted her; and kneeling, "Another!" ſaid he, raiſing "his voice, "another have my heart! no; "by heaven 'tis yours; nor is it in your own "power to reſtore it: you were the firſt, and ne- "ver ſhall it know a ſecond love. No, my ado- "rable Indiana, thou dear ſource of all my joy "and miſery, I will follow your example; may "I be curſed with all the wretchedneſs that hea- "ven can inflict, if ever"—"Huſh, Sir," cried Indiana, (putting her hand on his lips,) "forbear "this inconſiderate raſhneſs! O for heaven's ſake

"take

" take care leſt you repent too late."—" No," ſaid he, " I never can, 'tis paſt; I have vowed " in my mind, which in the ſight of heaven is as " valid as words; give me then your endearing " friendſhip, that ſhall ſooth my ſorrow; teach " me, like you, to ſoar above this tranſitory " world of care and diſappointment. O mould " afreſh that heart you ever muſt be miſtreſs of; " inſpire it with the purity of thine; and teach " it, if it be poſſible," added he, with a voice " that ſpoke his emotion, teach it reſignation." — He put his handkerchief to his eyes, and again turned from her. Her ſpirits had ſupported her through this moving ſcene with amazing reſolution; but now they began to ſink. She was ſeized with a violent fit of weeping, and retired with precipitation.—I ſoon after followed;—and after ſhedding a flood of tears, ſat down to write you this account.

Mr. Bevill has wrote for me: I am obliged to leave this ſad family to-morrow, as he is to meet me at C——. He could not prevail with himſelf to come here, dreading to ſee Indiana ſince the unhappy change in her circumſtances. He loves her with the warmeſt eſteem, and thinks he could not ſupport an interview.—How can I think of leaving her! my heart bleeds at the thoughts of it. O Fanny, with what grief do I ſubſcribe myſelf

Your afflicted ſiſter,

CLARA BEVILL!

LET-

LETTER LVII.

To Miſs FANNY FREEMORE.

I Am juſt arrived at my houſe in town. My mother is well, ſo is my child, and Mr. Bevill.—But ah! the dear Indiana!—I ſat up moſt of the night with her before I took my leave.—How mournfully was it employed! She talked over all her misfortunes;—and, for the firſt time ſince his abſence, mentioned the marquis.—"Ah Clara!" ſaid ſhe, with a deep ſigh, what "is becóme of that unhappy brother? Alas! "perhaps he is no more: perhaps too he died, "without being able to conquer his guilty paſſion.—Oh heaven!" continued ſhe, raiſing her ſtreaming eyes, "and ſhall we never then "meet again?—And muſt he ſuffer an endleſs—"Oh! horrible to think of. I cannot bear it. "—Kneel with me, Clara: let us importune "the Almighty, if he ſtill lives, to convert his "heart."—She flung herſelf by the ſide of her bed, and with great earneſtneſs poured out fervent ſupplications for him.—When ſhe aroſe ſhe was a little more compoſed, and with moving ſadneſs reſumed, the melancholy ſubject of her woes.—She renewed the remembrance of paſt ſcenes, frequently ſtopping to animadvert on her own imprudence and folly, as ſhe too ſeverely called the foibles of a youthful heart, undiſciplined by adverſity.—

Fearful for my health, and mindful of the journey I was to take in the morning, ſhe often preſſed me to go to reſt: but how could I leave her,

her, and where indeed was I to find it?—I conjured her to write to me as frequently as formerly.—"Yes, my dear friend," ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile, but rather of anguiſh than pleaſure, "I "will write; but far different muſt be my ſub-"ject from what it has too long been."—When day began to break, we lay down, but without taking off our cloaths.—The dear creature hardly breathed for fear of preventing my ſleeping. How needleſs the precaution!—Was it poſſible I ſhould?—A mournful ſigh now and then eſcaped her, in ſpite of her endeavours; and my arm which lay under her head was wet with her tears.——

When the dreaded hour of parting arrived, ſhe aſſumed a ſort of ſerenity, for fear of adding to my grief. We embraced a thouſand times. Often did I leave her, but as often returned, always recollecting ſomething I had forgot to ſay to her; but at laſt I permitted colonel Manly, (who was ſo obliging as to give me his company to C—, where we met Mr. Bevill;) I permitted him, I ſay, to place me in the coach; my head turned back to my dear friend, who ſtood at the gate till I was out of ſight.—O Fanny! I feel as if I had loſt my better half: even the company of a tender and indulgent huſband and beloved child cannot conſole me. My friend's unhappy! Can I then be otherwiſe? Write to me, dear ſiſter; and believe me

Yours ſincerely,

CLARA BEVILL.

End of the Second Volume.